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THE BEST OF HEAVY METAL

DIRECT HACSA
JNX_SCANZ

HMM...UH...
HEH! HEH! HEH!
UM...HEH!
CLICK

1977–1979

Compiled by the staff of
Heavy Metal Magazine

THE BEST OF HEAVY METAL

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"Virgo," by Caza, "Ballade," by Moebius, "Approaching Centauri," by Druillet and Moebius, "White Night," by Claveloux, "Master," by Nicollet, "Going to Pieces," by Schuiten, "Free Fall," by Moebius, and the front cover, by Moebius, are © 1977, 1978, *Metal Hurlant*, Paris. Reprinted by permission.

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IT GAINED SOMETHING IN THE TRANSLATION

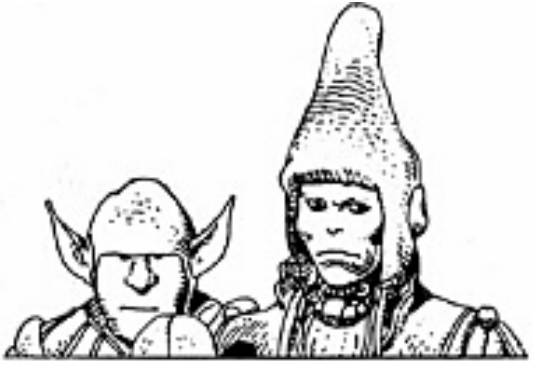
I BET I COULD FLOAT BEFORE I WAS BORN
NOW... DON'T MOVE FOR A MOMENT AND CONCENTRATE, WITHOUT THINKING ABOUT ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR...
OH!... IT TICKLES!

Comics was *our* idea. *They* did things to 'em. So, our *next* idea was to do things to the things they did to comics. You still with me? It's like this. It seemed to Len, & me, & Valerie, & Julie (to begin with) that (in the mid-70s) the French were doing to/for/with comics roughly what (in the early 60s) the English were doing to/for/with that *other* idea of ours, Rock.

'Cause in '62, nothing was happening over here in music (unless you think Lesley Gore was something happening) but a bunch of. . . *foreigners* called Stones, Beatles, & Animals, & stuff had rediscovered the TNT stash in rock music, and were lighting matches. Ditto in the mid-70s, with the "Underground" driven back underground, nothing much was happening in comics (unless you think Broom Hilda was something happening), but a bunch of. . . *foreigners* called Moebius, & Druillet, & Voss, & Caza, & stuff had assembled under the banner of Humanoids, and were publishing *Metal Hurlant*, this *amazing*. . . well, it looked *sort of* like a comic book. . . and we made a deal with them, and the rest is history. Or Home Ec. Whatever.

Translating *MH/HM* has always been weird. Take the very *title* of the Froggy book, *Metal Hurlant*. Means howling metal, screaming metal . . . but what does *that* mean? Hurlant is the noise a high wind makes, wolves make, hysterics make . . . possibly means the sound metal makes screaming through the air, trans: *Schrapnel?* But also *personifies* metal, gives it a voice, a voice of pain, connotes stress, the trapped slave-soul of a robot. Metal is also a rock term, of course, in which case, trans: *Feedback?* A future (metal) metropolis, in which quivering guy wires and parabolic girders, terror-tense cables and gleaming consols *scream, whine* with tension, ready to implode, explode, crash, short-out, break-down, blow-up, *climax?*

So we called it *Heavy Metal*, which kept, at least, the futuristic-rock-nuclear science vibrations. First two damn words took a month. To no one's great



satisfaction...

&, being comics, the stuff inside was written (mostly) in slang. French hipster, street-smut, local-joke or literary slang. About half the time we were guessing. Probably Moebius & Co. got some hearty giggles out of what they thought we thought they meant.

Take "Ballade," herein presented. Damn thing *starts* with a passage from Rimbaud, the boy-poet symbolist loonbar. Thanks, Moebius. That's an easy one...

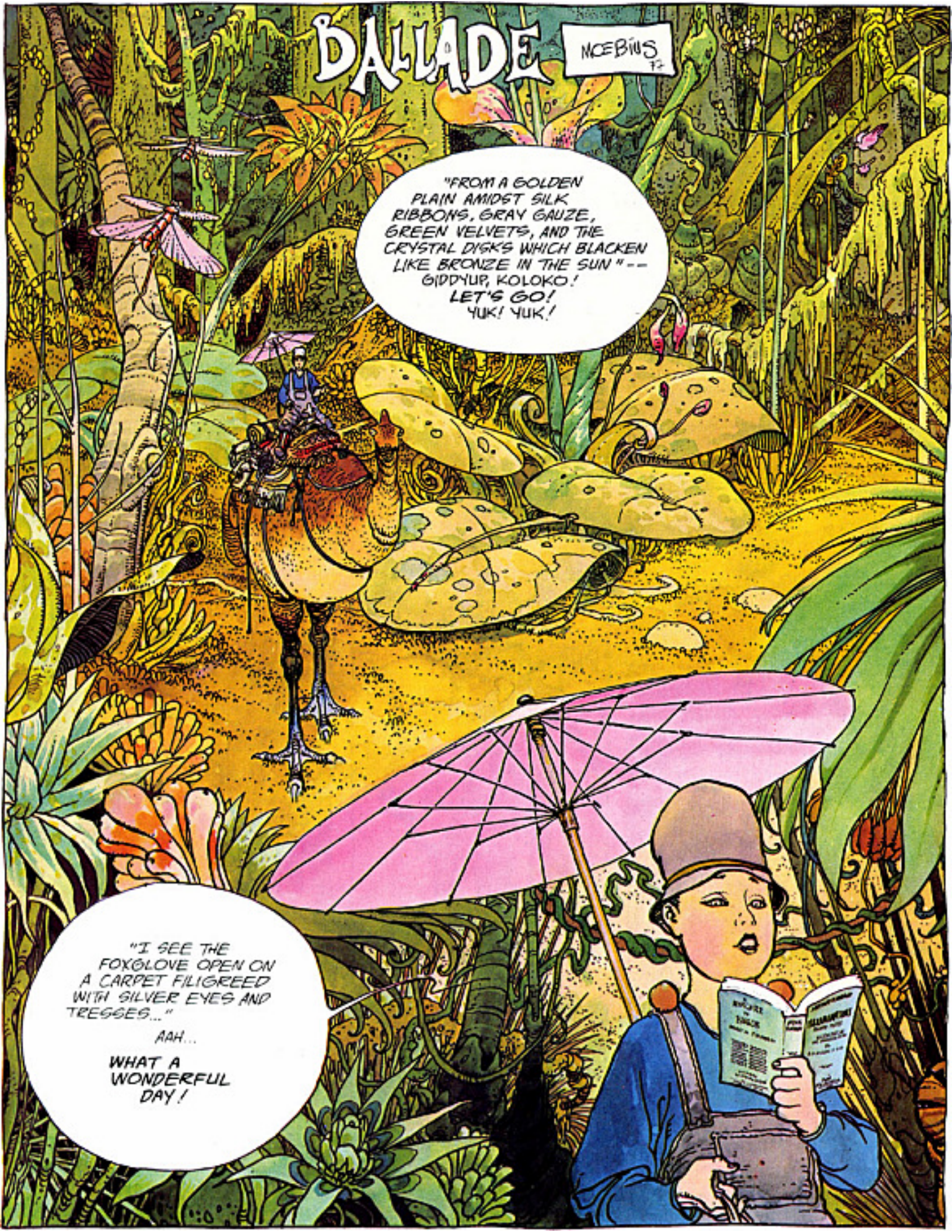
Which may be why, in the early days, we much preferred to reprint pieces like "Virgo" and "Free Fall" (likewise reprinted within). Pure instrumentals, see?

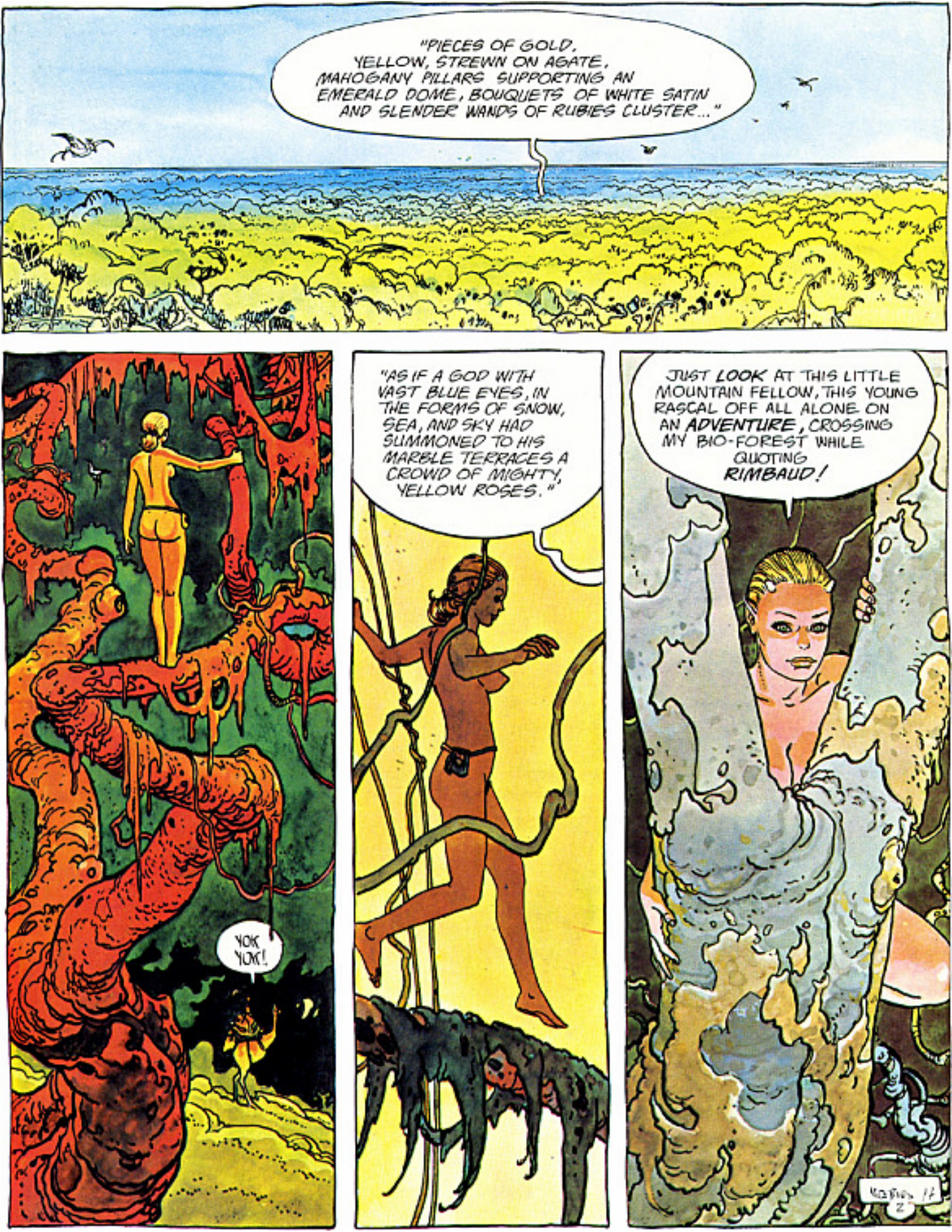
No, we weren't surprised you took to Druillet and Claveloux, Schuiten, Bilal, Caza, & the rest. From European countries other than France, & from publishers other than the Humanoids as well, we knew we'd hit a mother lode of very *Heavy Metal.*

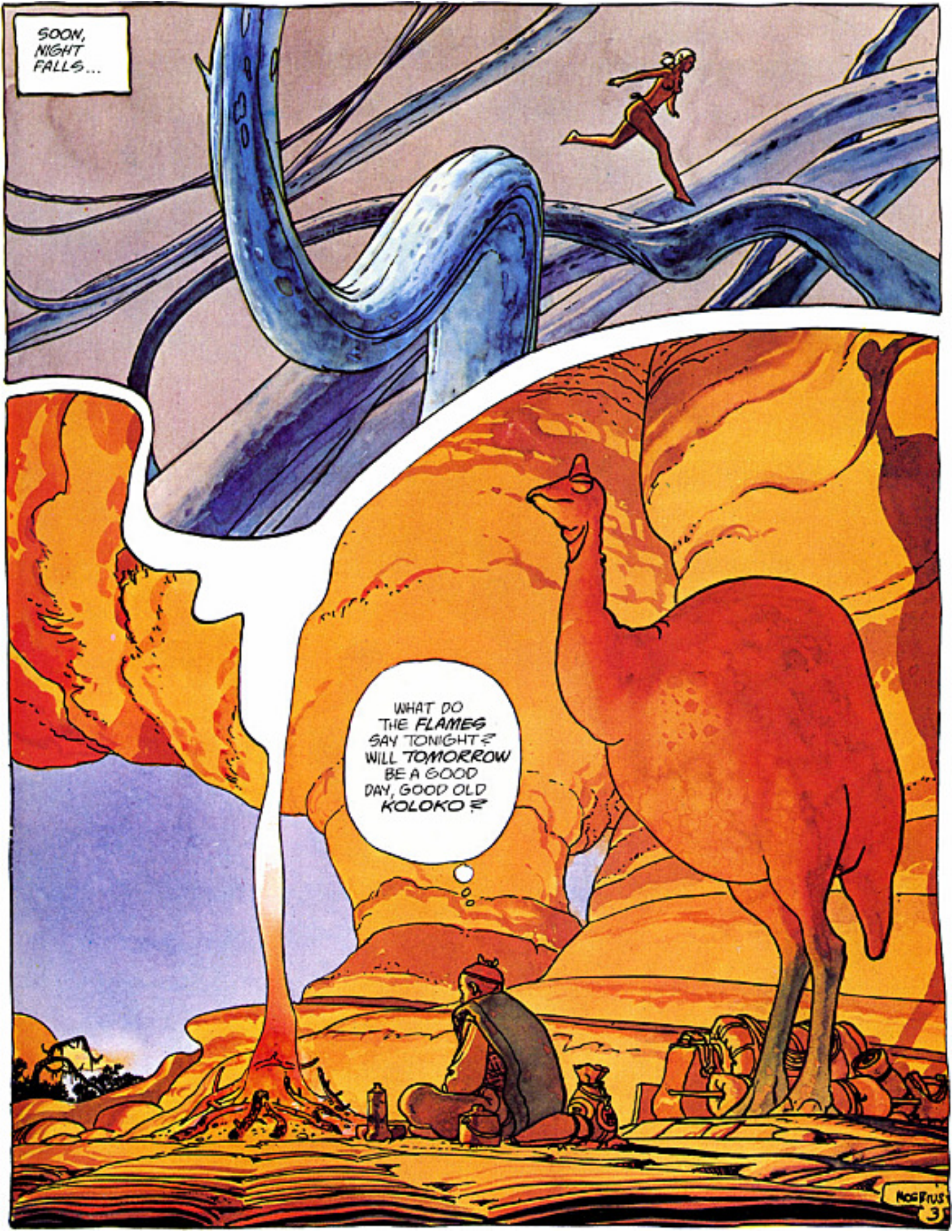
But as *HM* came out, each month, we were (happily) surprised at the quantity and quality of English language stuff that started to come in. First, 'natch, Corben, honcho of the ex-underground "Slow Death," etc., fantasy strip. We weren't so much surprised to land him, as proud to offer him space. Then McKie, from Britain...& then a mob of young Yanks, led (whether he knew it or not) by the very *strange* Suydam. Included in this collection are vintage beauties from them all.

Doubtless, the, you-shld-pardon-the-expression, new wave of local talent which now contributes about half the mag will be represented in the next anthology; because right now *they're* starting to appear in French, and Spanish, and German versions...and if you think they're good in the original, you oughta see 'em in translation!

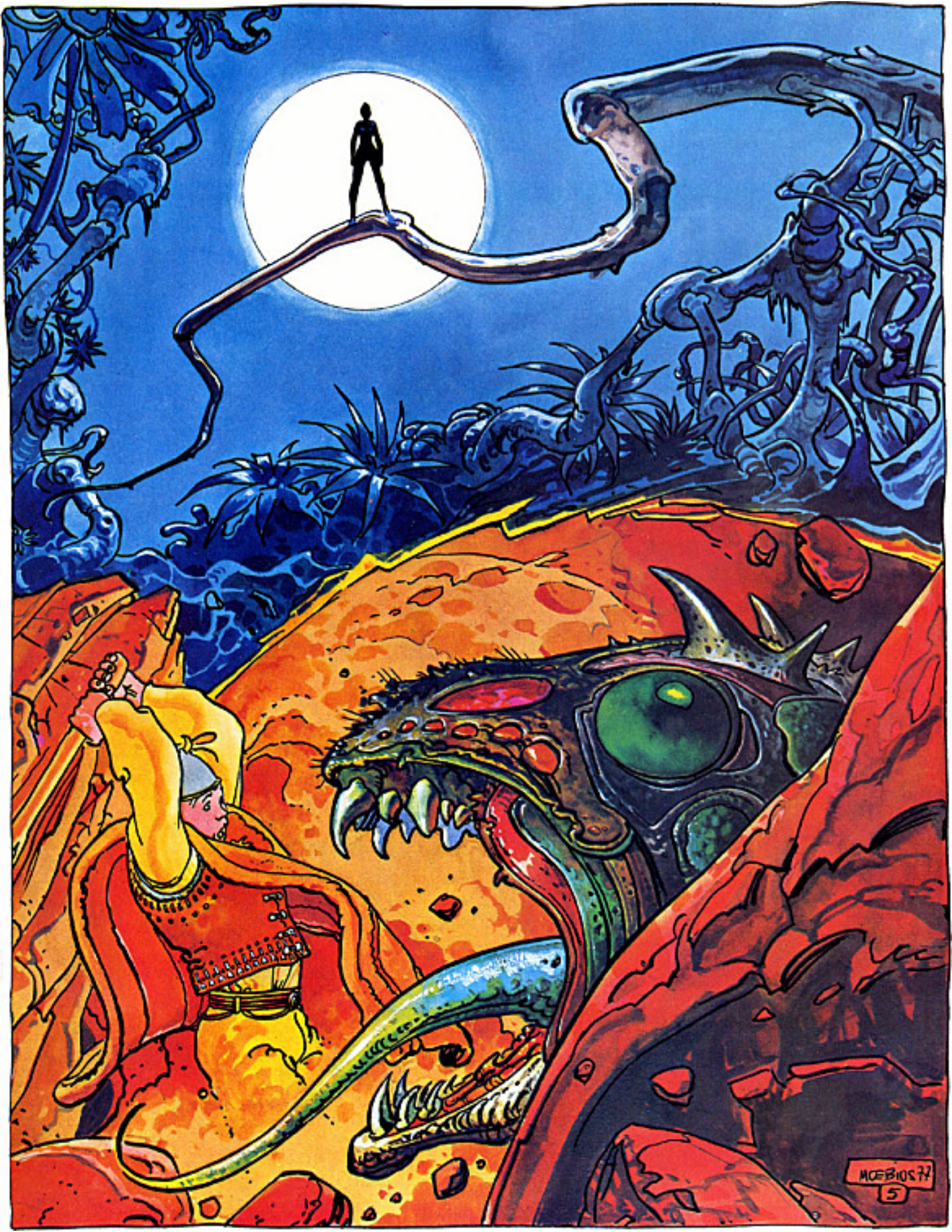
Sean Kelly
Editor of
Heavy Metal
(1977-1979)


BALLADE
MOEBIUS 17
"FROM A GOLDEN PLAIN AMIDST SILK RIBBONS, GRAY GAUZE, GREEN VELVETS, AND THE CRYSTAL DISKS WHICH BLACKEN LIKE BRONZE IN THE SUN" -- GIDDYUP, KOLOKO! LET'S GO! YUK! YUK!
"I SEE THE FOXGLOVE OPEN ON A CARPET FILIGREED WITH SILVER EYES AND TRESSES..."
AAH...
WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY!


"PIECES OF GOLD, YELLOW, STREWN ON AGATE, MAHOGANY PILLARS SUPPORTING AN EMERALD DOME, BOUQUETS OF WHITE SATIN AND SLENDER WANDS OF RUBIES CLUSTER..."
YOK YOK!
"AS IF A GOD WITH VAST BLUE EYES, IN THE FORMS OF SNOW, SEA, AND SKY HAD SUMMONED TO HIS MARBLE TERRACES A CROWD OF MIGHTY, YELLOW ROSES."
JUST LOOK AT THIS LITTLE MOUNTAIN FELLOW, THIS YOUNG RASCAL OFF ALL ALONE ON AN ADVENTURE, CROSSING MY BIO-FOREST WHILE QUOTING RIMBAUD!


SOON, NIGHT FALLS...
WHAT DO THE FLAMES SAY TONIGHT? WILL TOMORROW BE A GOOD DAY, GOOD OLD KOLOKO?
NOSFRUS 3

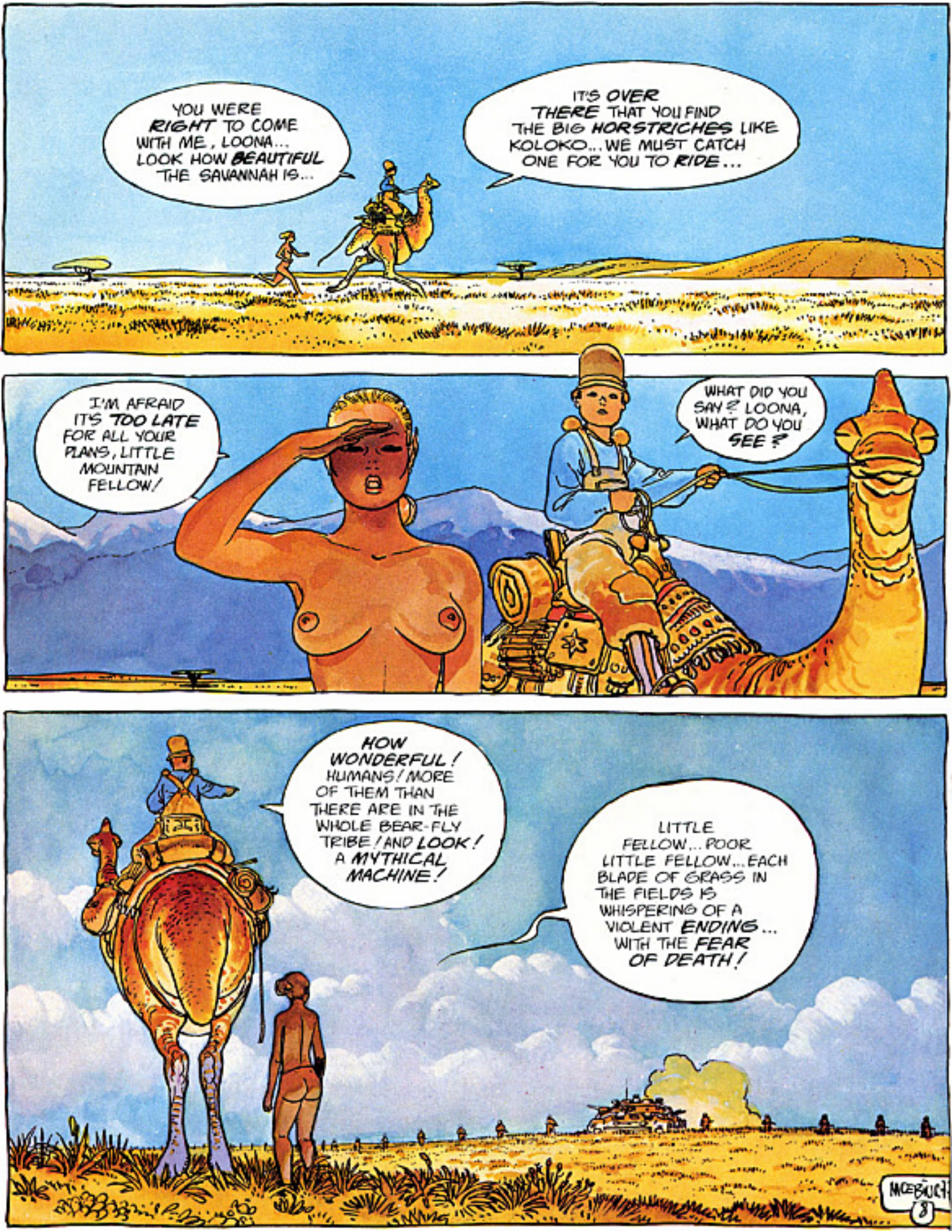
SUDDENLY: A HORRIBLE PIEDSHELL SCORPION!
UUUMMM! ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE STUPID MONSTERS!

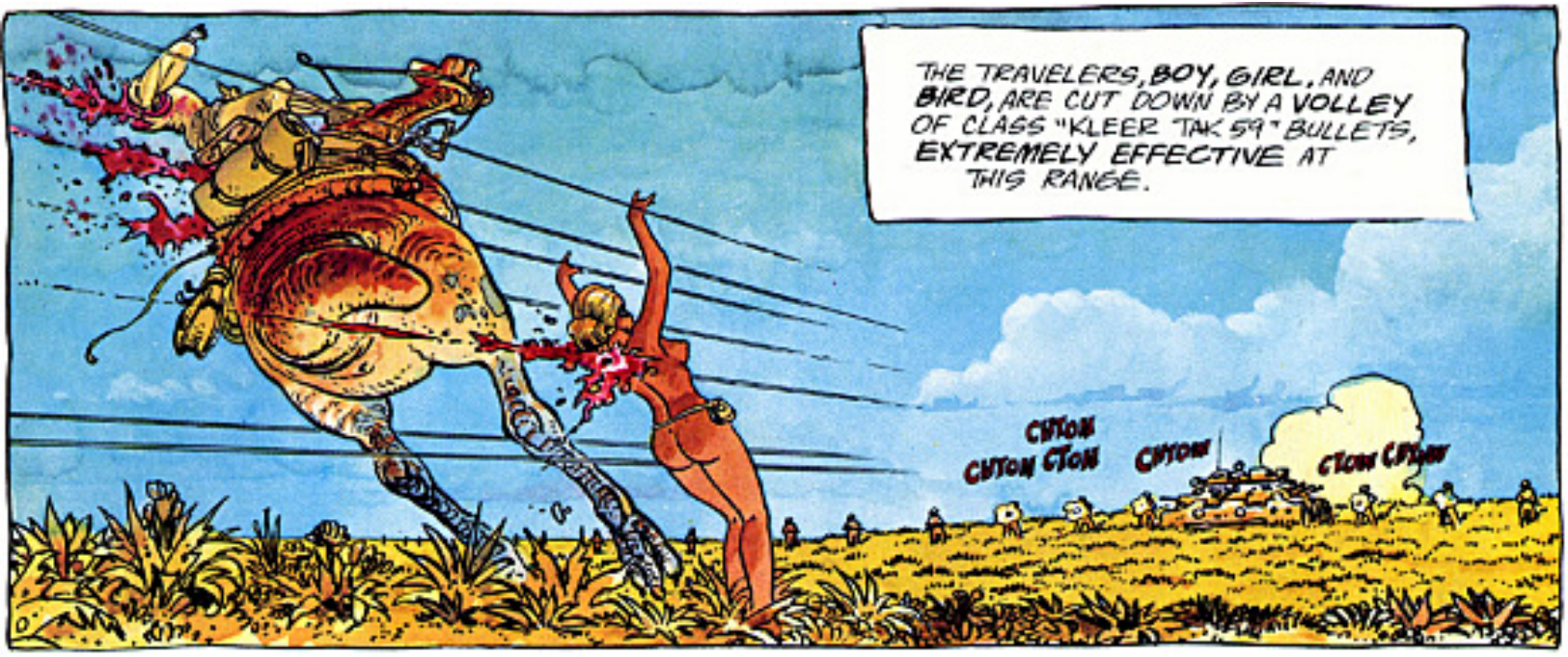

MŒBIUS 77
5

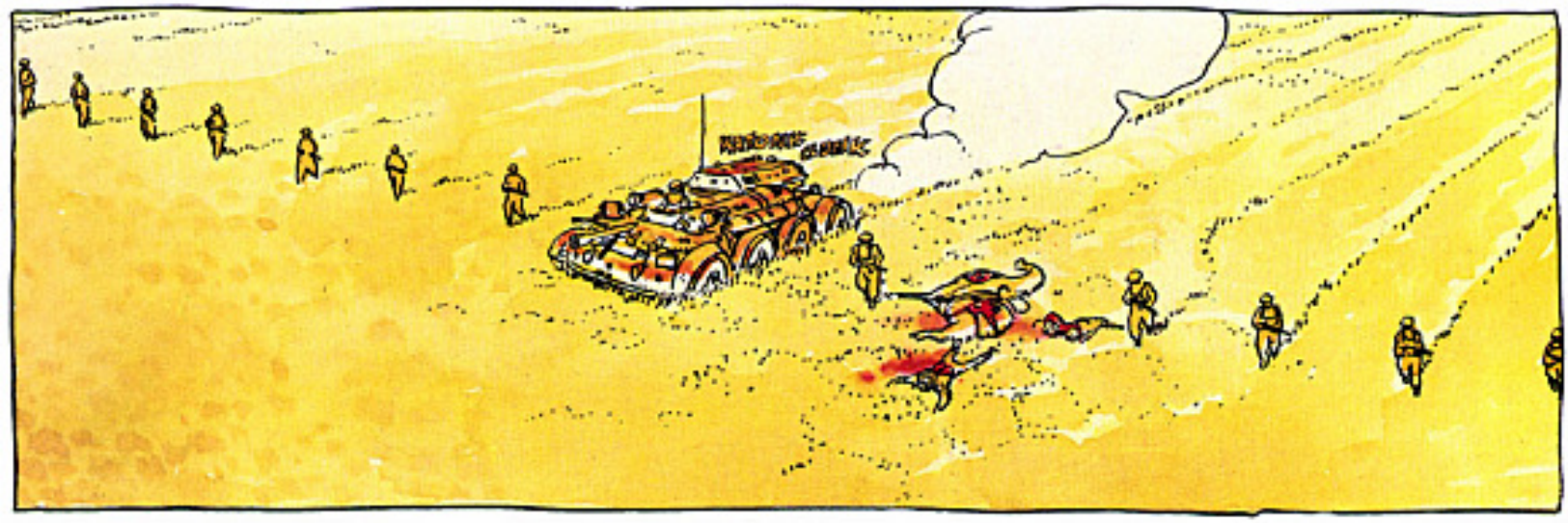
THE FAWN DANCES, TRACING IN THE AIR THE SECRET AND MAGICAL GESTURES WHICH HAVE ALWAYS PACIFIED THE PIEDSHELL.
THIS GIRL IS BUT TWENTY YEARS OF AGE. SHE IS EXPERT AT RUNNING ALONG MOSSY BOUGHS. SHE EATS THE FRUITS WHICH GROW HERE FREELY IN PROFUSION.
AND ALL WHO DWELL IN THE BIO-FOREST KNOW HER LANGUAGE.
6

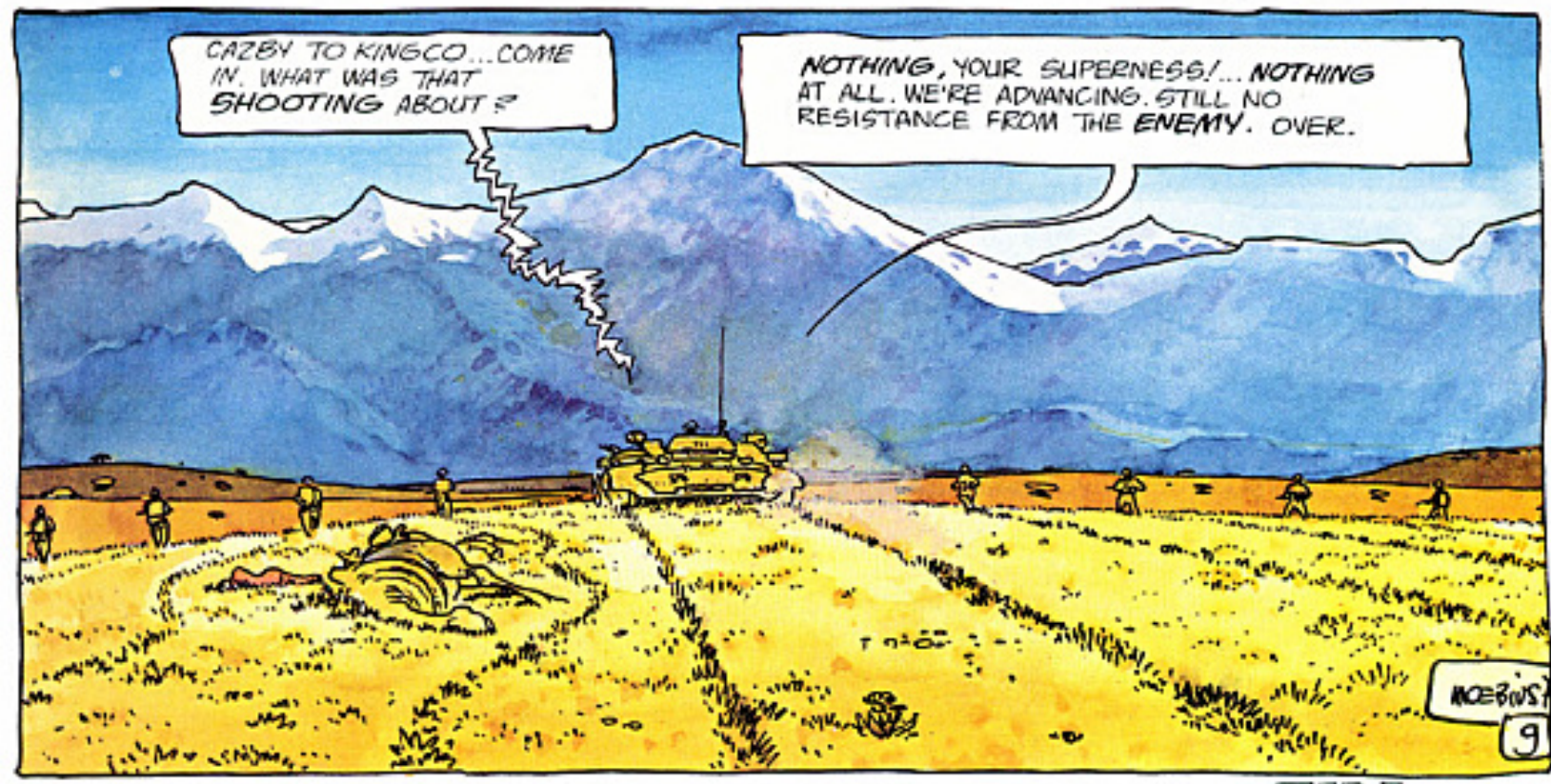
GOOD EVENING, LITTLE FELLOW FROM THE HIGHLANDS... IT WAS YOUR FIRE THAT ATTRACTED THE PIEDSHELL HERE... THEY HAVE THE BRAINS OF BUTTERFLIES...
AND IT'S ME THAT HE WANTED AS PLUNDER!... YUK... WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO A NICE HOT CUP OF BANG, LITTLE FAWN?

DON'T LAUGH, LOONA... UP IN THE HILLS, THE WHOLE BEAR-FLY TRIBE LAUGHED AT ME JUST THAT WAY WHEN I TOLD THEM I WAS GOING AROUND THE WORLD, THROUGH THE BIO-FOREST, ACROSS THE SAVANNAH, TO THE OCEAN SHORE... COME, LOONA!...
STOP LAUGHING AND THINK OF THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD...
I'VE HEARD OF GIANT SHIPS THAT FLOAT AND FLY... I'VE HEARD OF CITIES, LOONA, HUMAN CITIES!
YOU FELLOWS FROM THE MOUNTAINTOPS, RIDING YOUR BIG BIRDS, WITH ALL YOUR CLOTHES AND HATS, AND SHOES ON YOUR FEET, YOU NO LONGER KNOW WHERE GOD IS...
WHY SHOULD I GO ANYWHERE WITH A HOPELESS IDIOT LIKE YOU...
MEBIUS 47

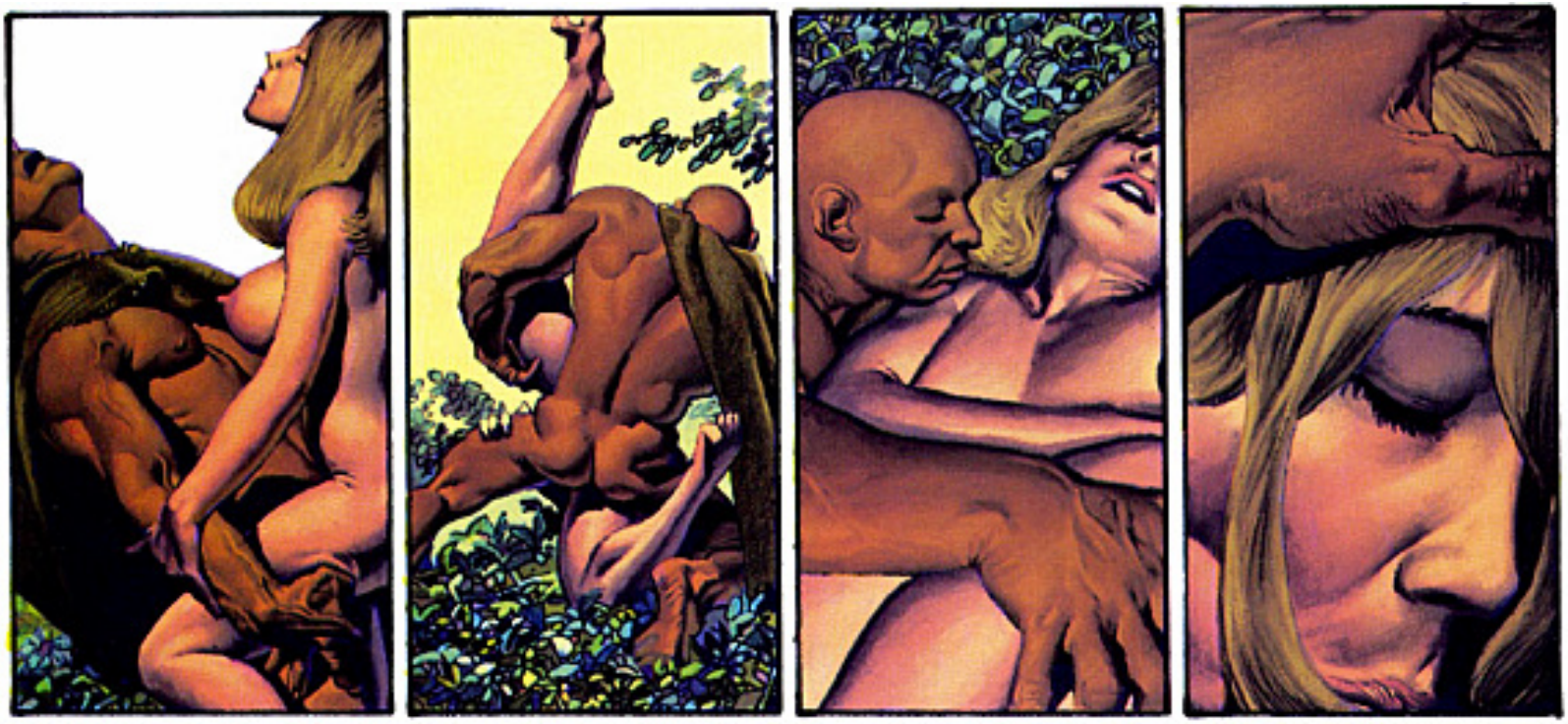

YOU WERE RIGHT TO COME WITH ME, LOONA... LOOK HOW BEAUTIFUL THE SAVANNAH IS...
IT'S OVER THERE THAT YOU FIND THE BIG HORSTRICHES LIKE KOLOKO... WE MUST CATCH ONE FOR YOU TO RIDE...
I'M AFRAID IT'S TOO LATE FOR ALL YOUR PLANS, LITTLE MOUNTAIN FELLOW!
WHAT DID YOU SAY? LOONA, WHAT DO YOU SEE?
HOW WONDERFUL! HUMANS! MORE OF THEM THAN THERE ARE IN THE WHOLE BEAR-FLY TRIBE! AND LOOK! A MYTHICAL MACHINE!
LITTLE FELLOW... POOR LITTLE FELLOW... EACH BLADE OF GRASS IN THE FIELDS IS WHISPERING OF A VIOLENT ENDING... WITH THE FEAR OF DEATH!
MOEBIUS
8


THE TRAVELERS, BOY, GIRL, AND BIRD, ARE CUT DOWN BY A VOLLEY OF CLASS "KLEER TAK 59" BULLETS, EXTREMELY EFFECTIVE AT THIS RANGE.
CHTOK CHTOK CTOK
CHTOK
CTOK CHTOK



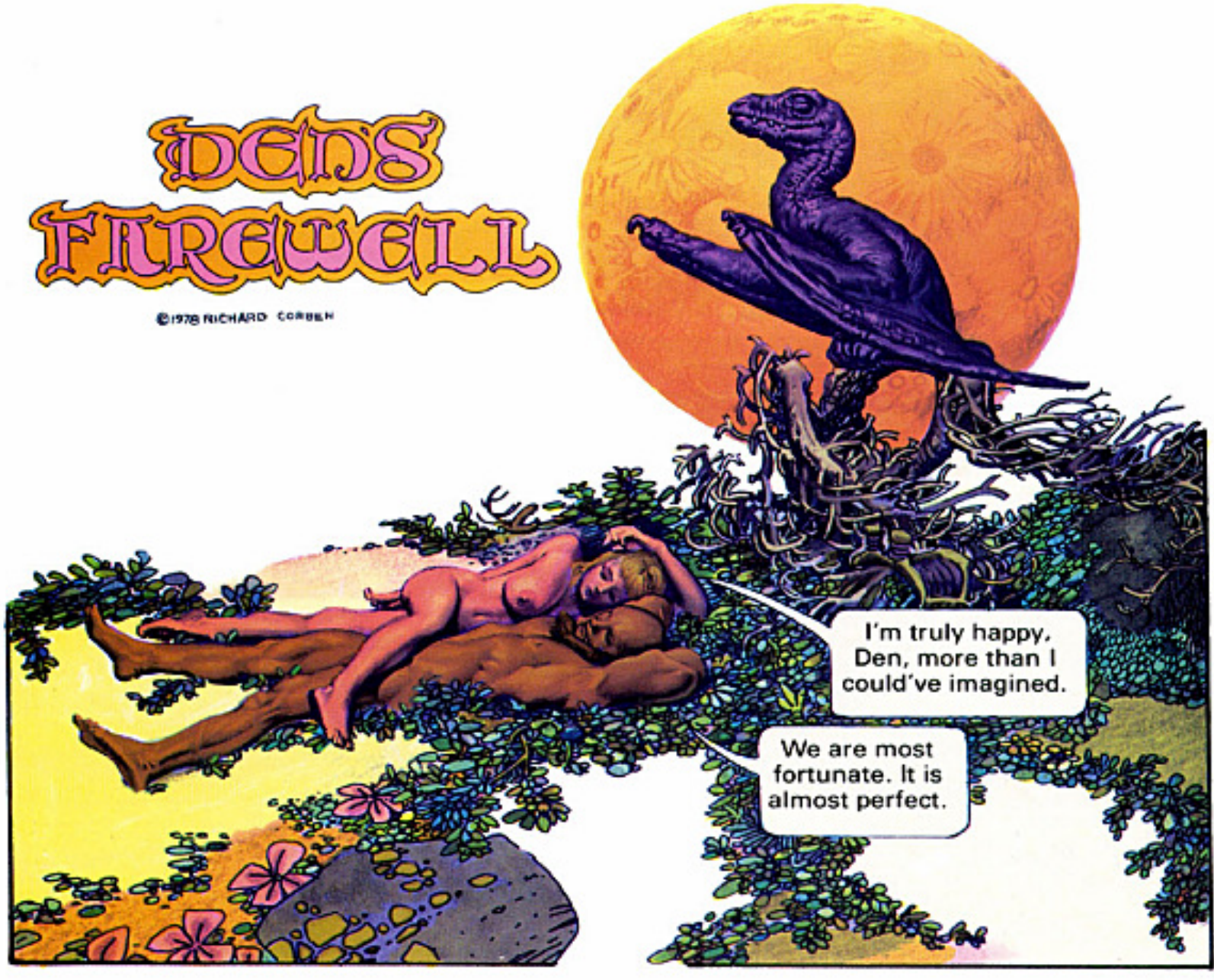

CAZBY TO KINGCO...COME IN. WHAT WAS THAT SHOOTING ABOUT?
NOTHING, YOUR SUPERNESS!... NOTHING AT ALL. WE'RE ADVANCING. STILL NO RESISTANCE FROM THE ENEMY. OVER.
NOEBUS!
9

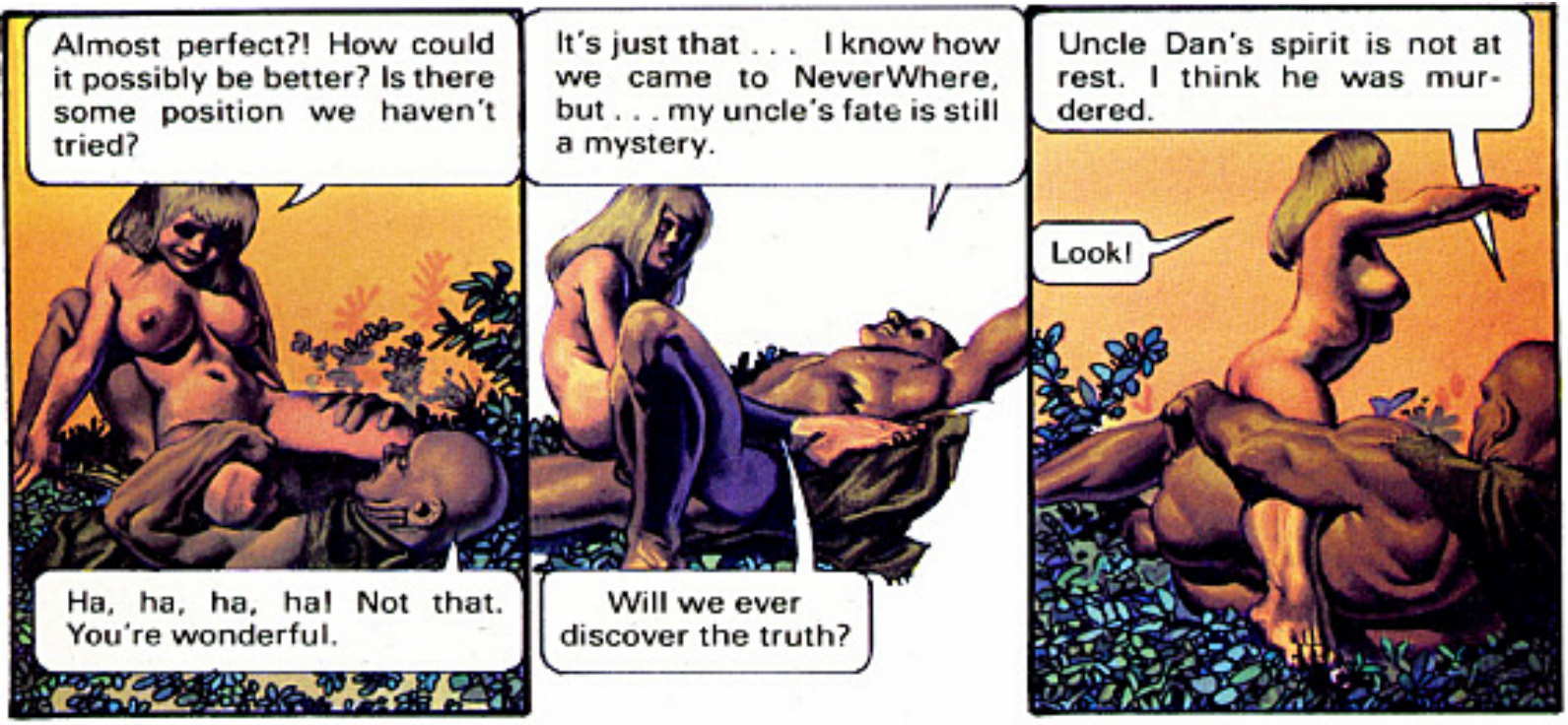
FIN.

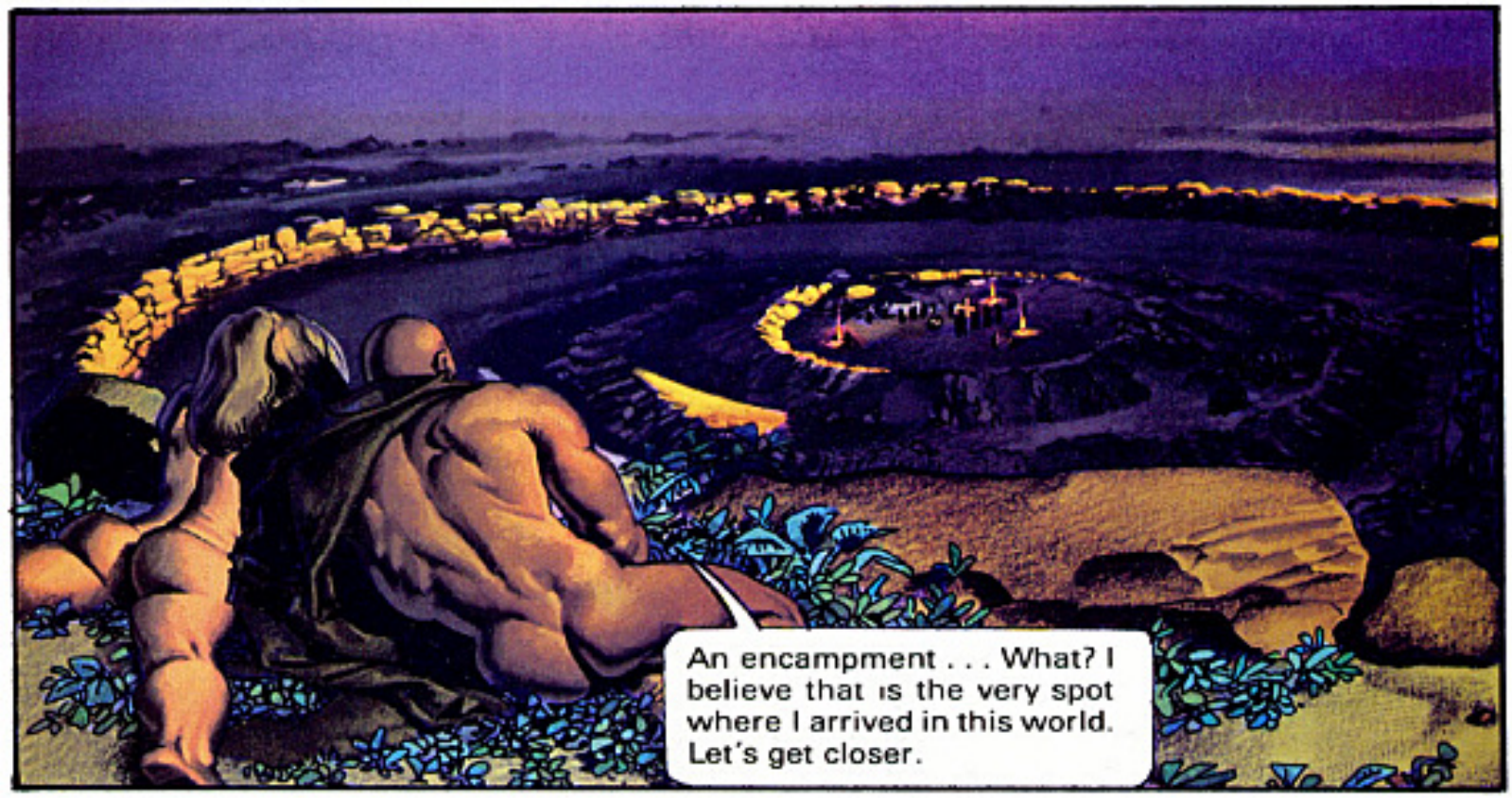


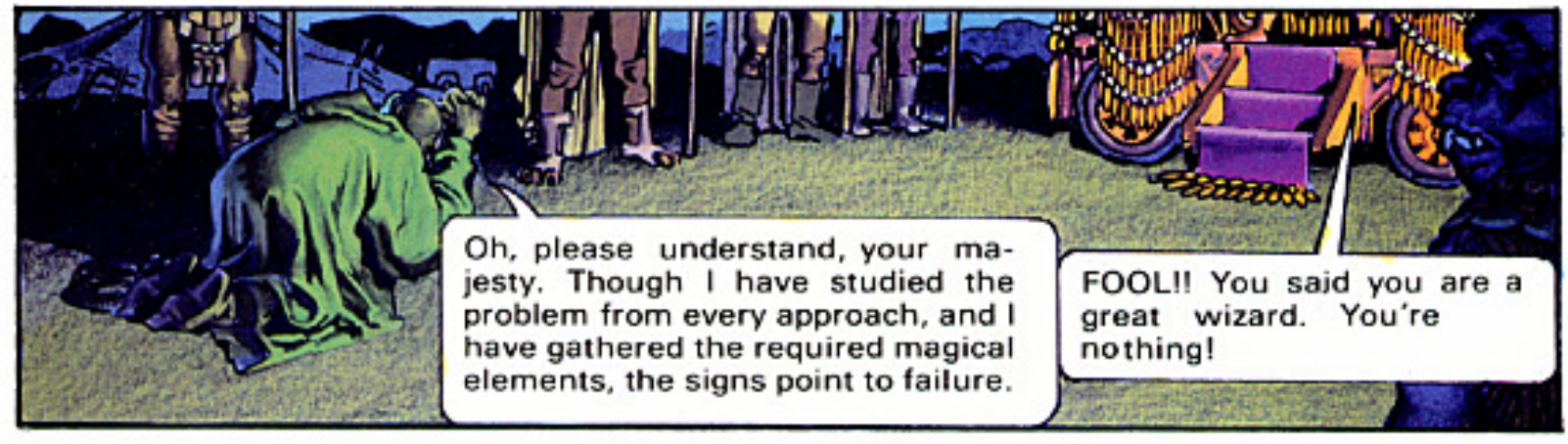
DEN'S FAREWELL

©1978 RICHARD CORBEN




Almost perfect?! How could it possibly be better? Is there some position we haven't tried?
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Not that. You're wonderful.
It's just that . . . I know how we came to NeverWhere, but . . . my uncle's fate is still a mystery.
Will we ever discover the truth?
Uncle Dan's spirit is not at rest. I think he was murdered.
Look!


An encampment . . . What? I believe that is the very spot where I arrived in this world. Let's get closer.

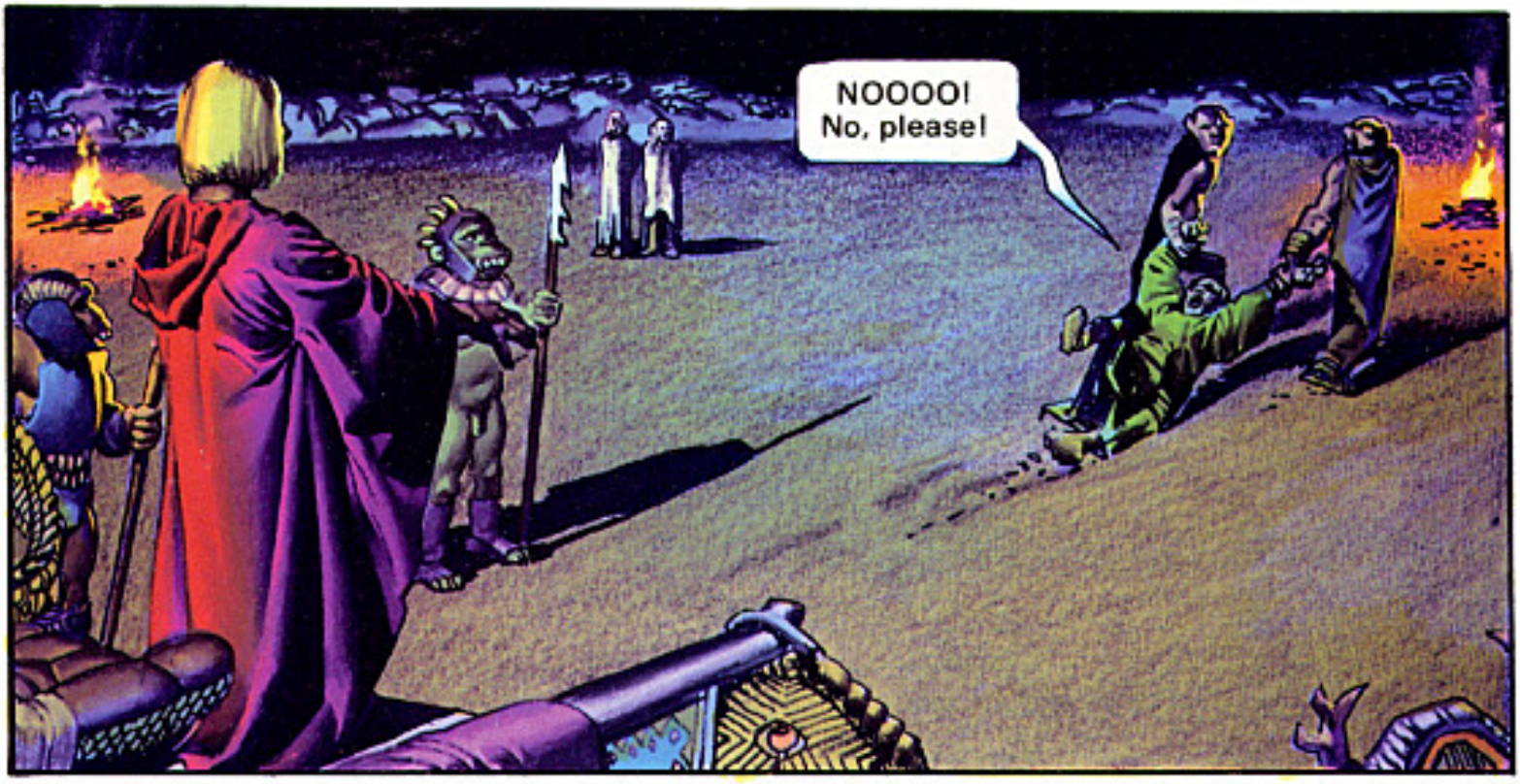

Oh, please understand, your majesty. Though I have studied the problem from every approach, and I have gathered the required magical elements, the signs point to failure.
FOOL!! You said you are a great wizard. You're nothing!

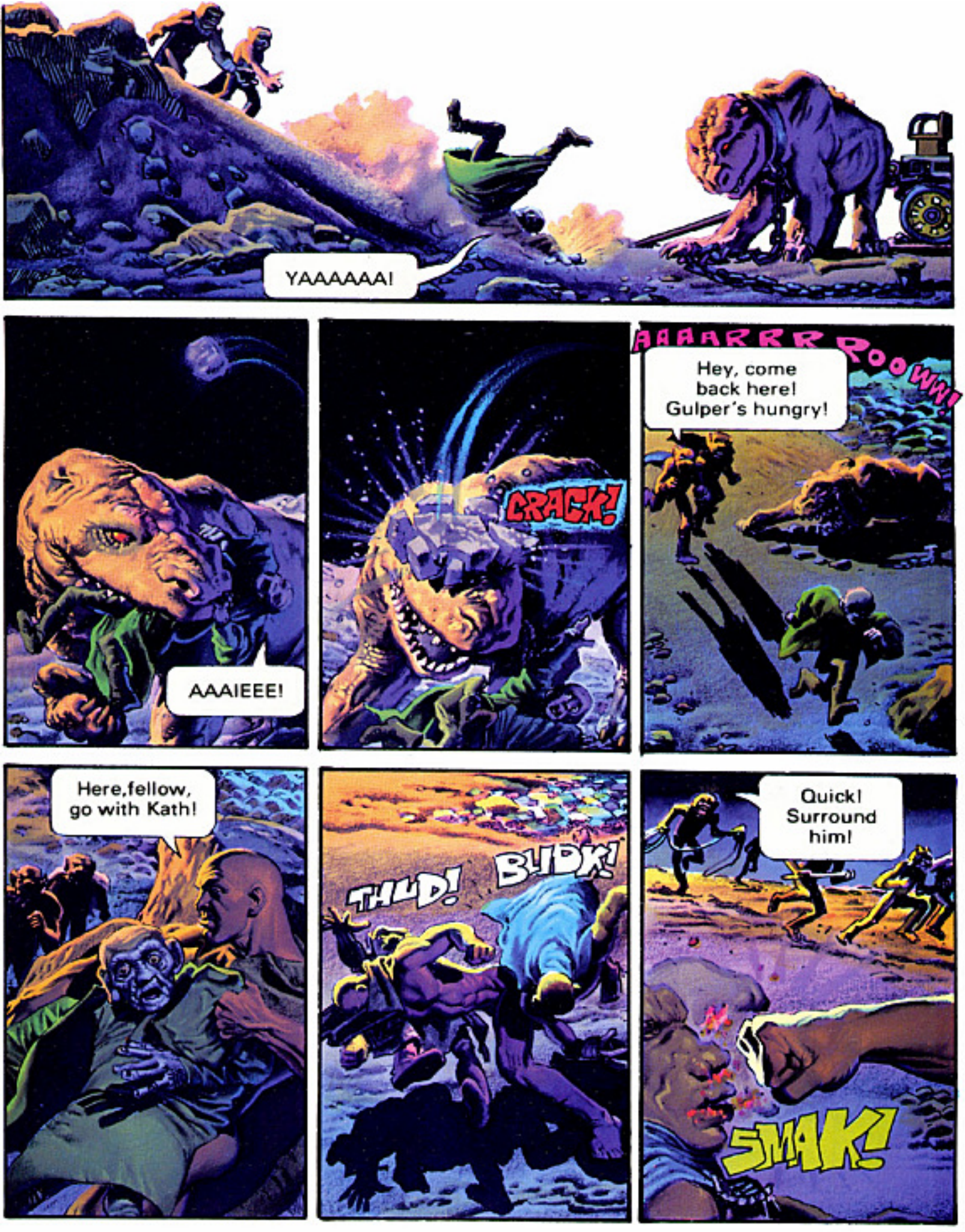
Did you think I was too simple to separate the half-truths from your transparent fabrications? I am more versed in the dark arts than you.

You sniveling twit! At least you collected the rare stones and gases. But I realize the missing element is TIME! The cataclysmic destruction of the Locnar set back more than my promotion to power . . .

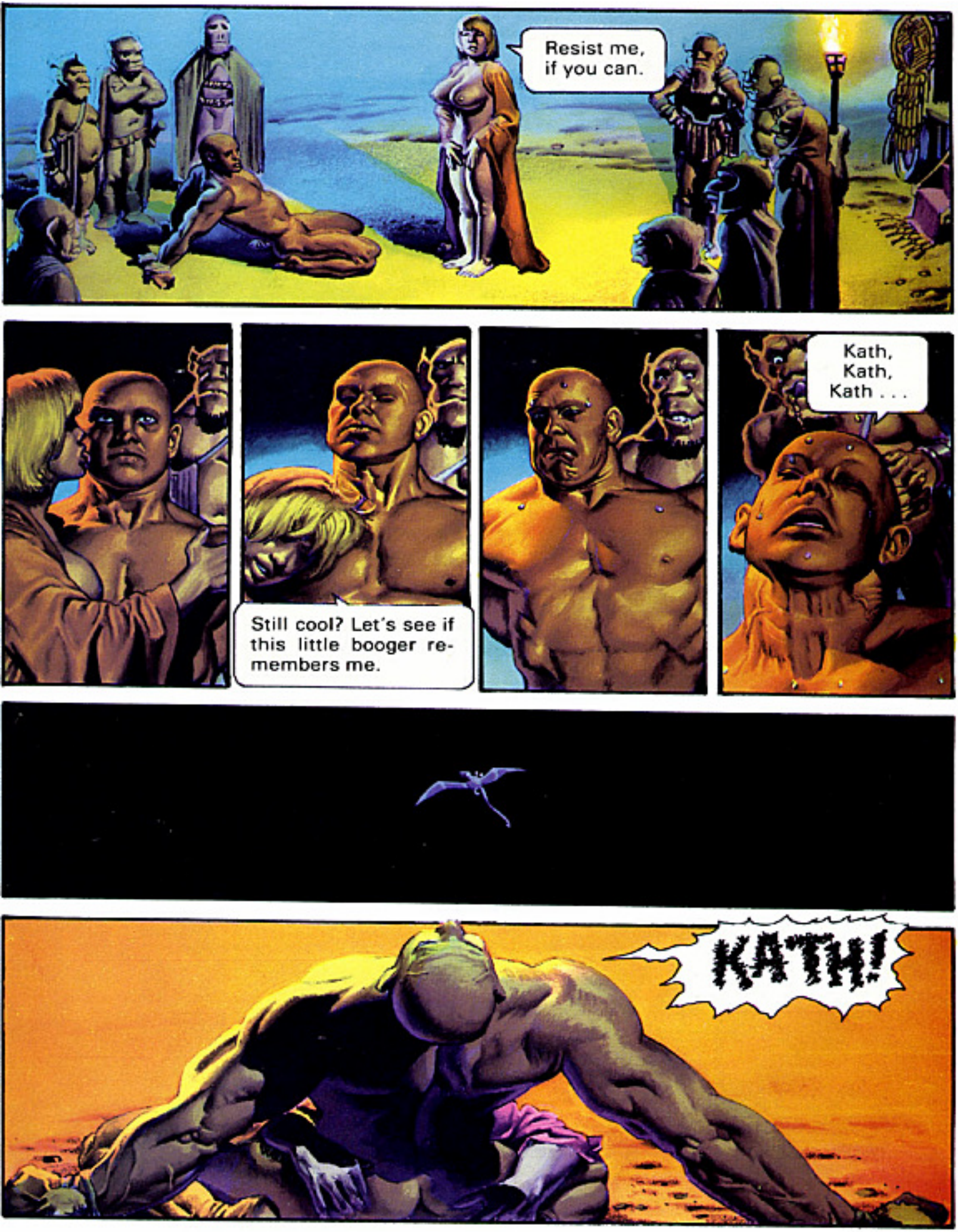
. . . It reset the geologic-cosmic relationship. Thanks to interfering upstarts, I must wait four seasonal cycles for the forces to come into precise alignment. Then I will create Locnar's brother.

ZEG, you FOOL!!! I know you were going to sabotage my plans!
Feed him to the Gulper.


NOOOO! No, please!


YAAAAAAA!
AAAIEEE!
CRACK!
AAAARRR
ROOWW!
Hey, come back here! Gulper's hungry!
Here, fellow, go with Kath!
THUD!
BLIDK!
Quick! Surround him!
SMAK!

WHAP!
Now we've got him. PULL!
K-KRIK
No! They've captured Den.
Den, Den, Den! You'll never learn. What am I going to do with you?
You'll get nothing from me this time.
Oh, really?
You can never refuse me, Den. Just as I can never refuse you. I'll prove now that you'll give me what I want . . . even with a jeering audience.
Tie him well.


Resist me, if you can.
Still cool? Let's see if this little booger remembers me.
Kath, Kath, Kath . . .
KATH!

SHREEEK!
Oh,
(COUGH, COUGH!)
Den, I'm
falling!

Ha, Ha, Ha,
Ha, Ha, Ha!
I PROVED IT!

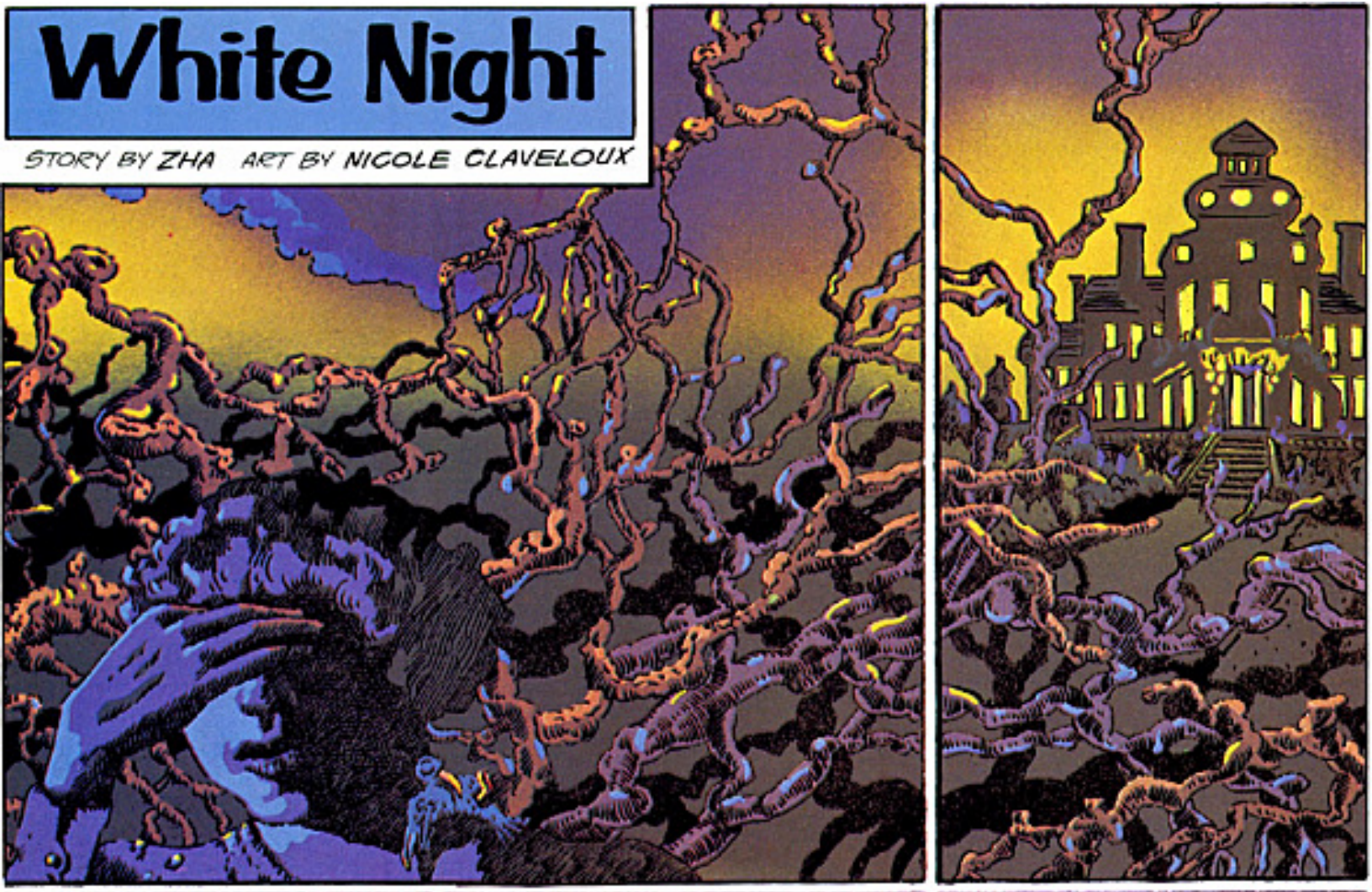
I fear you'll live to regret letting the Queen live.
It is against our nature to kill when it is not necessary. Besides Zeg, she saved Den earlier.

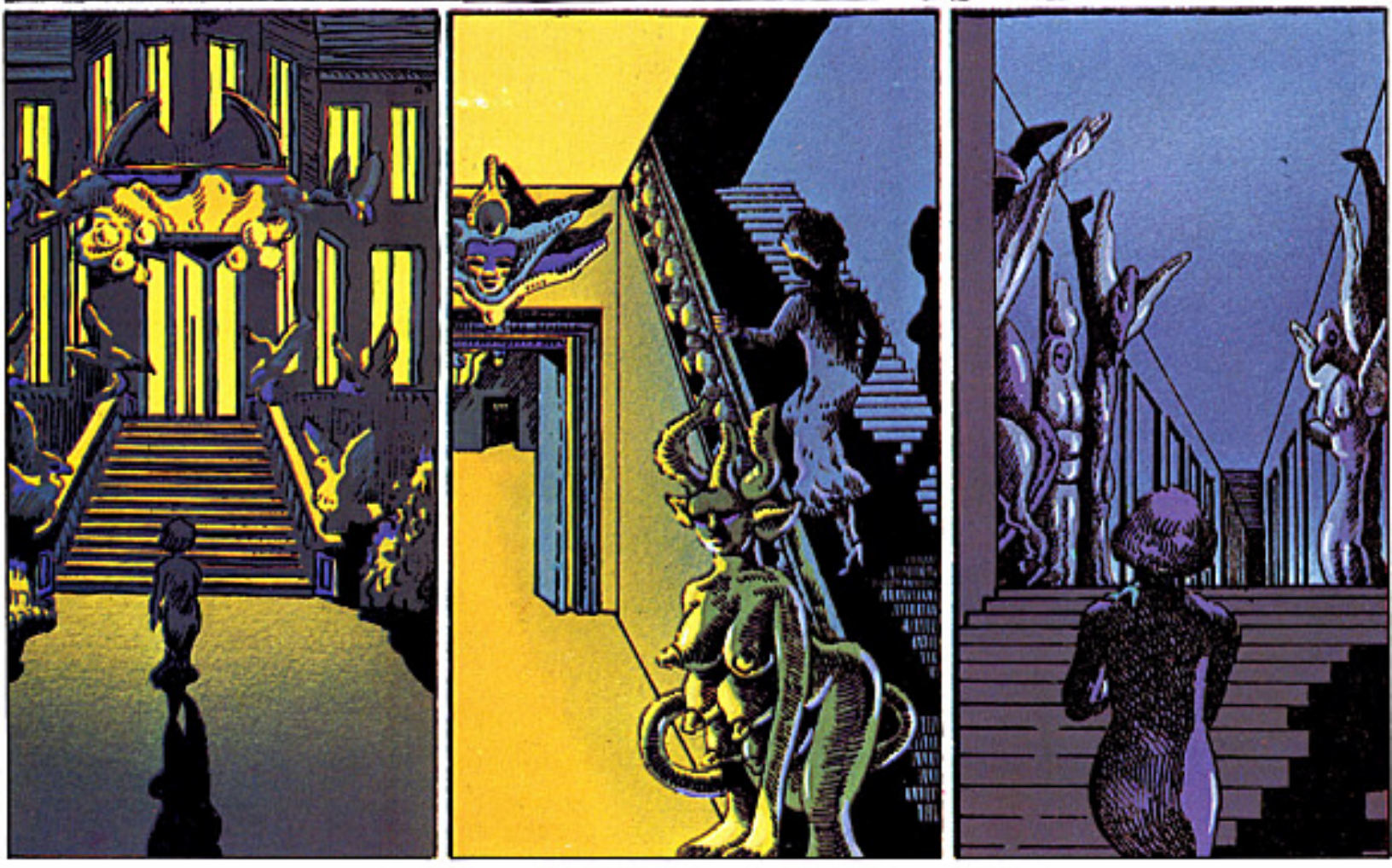
Nevertheless, I suggest you leave this land far behind.
Because in four years, NeverWhere will be her's completely. Then she'll come after you again.

We've got four years . . . then perhaps another adventure.

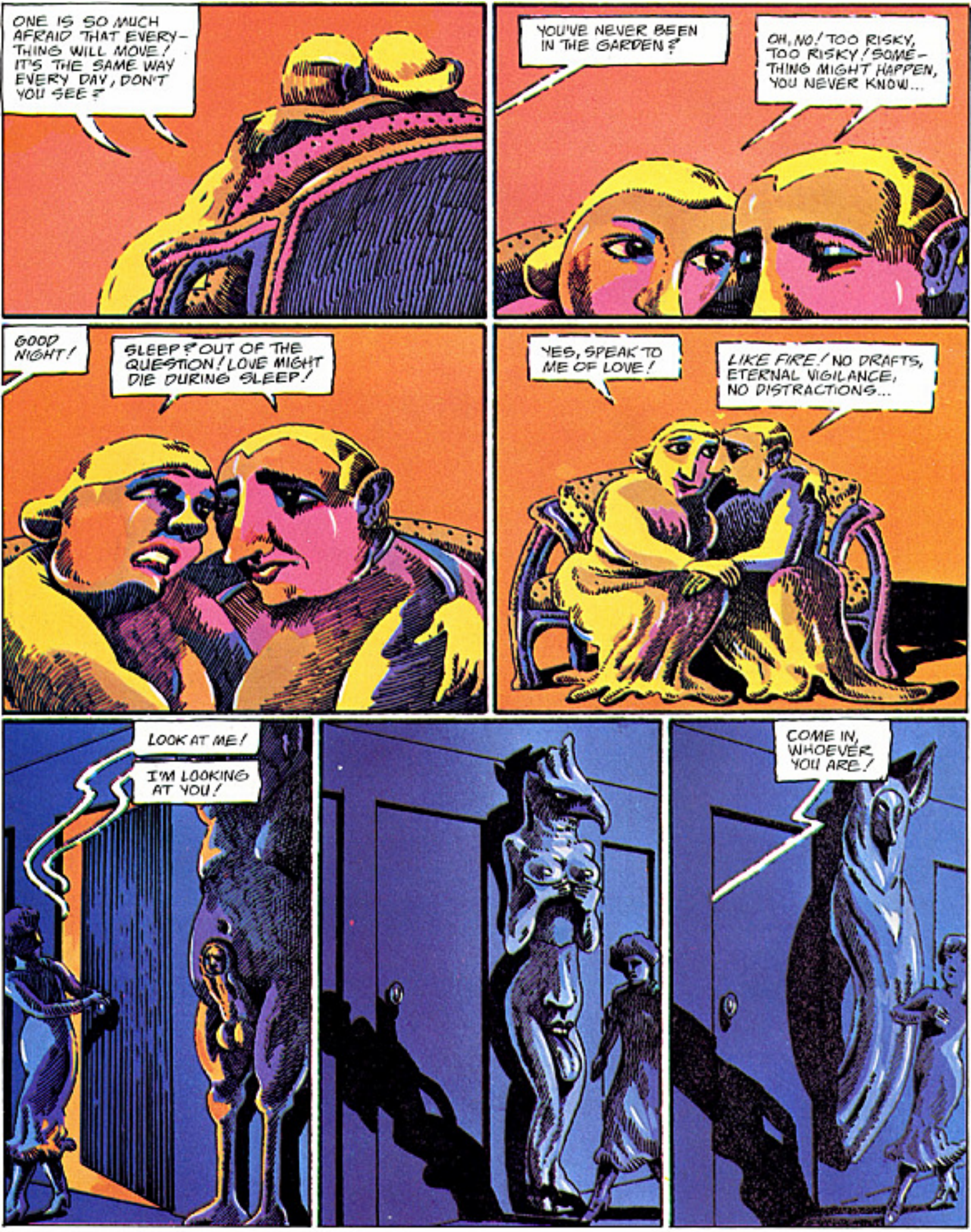
White Night

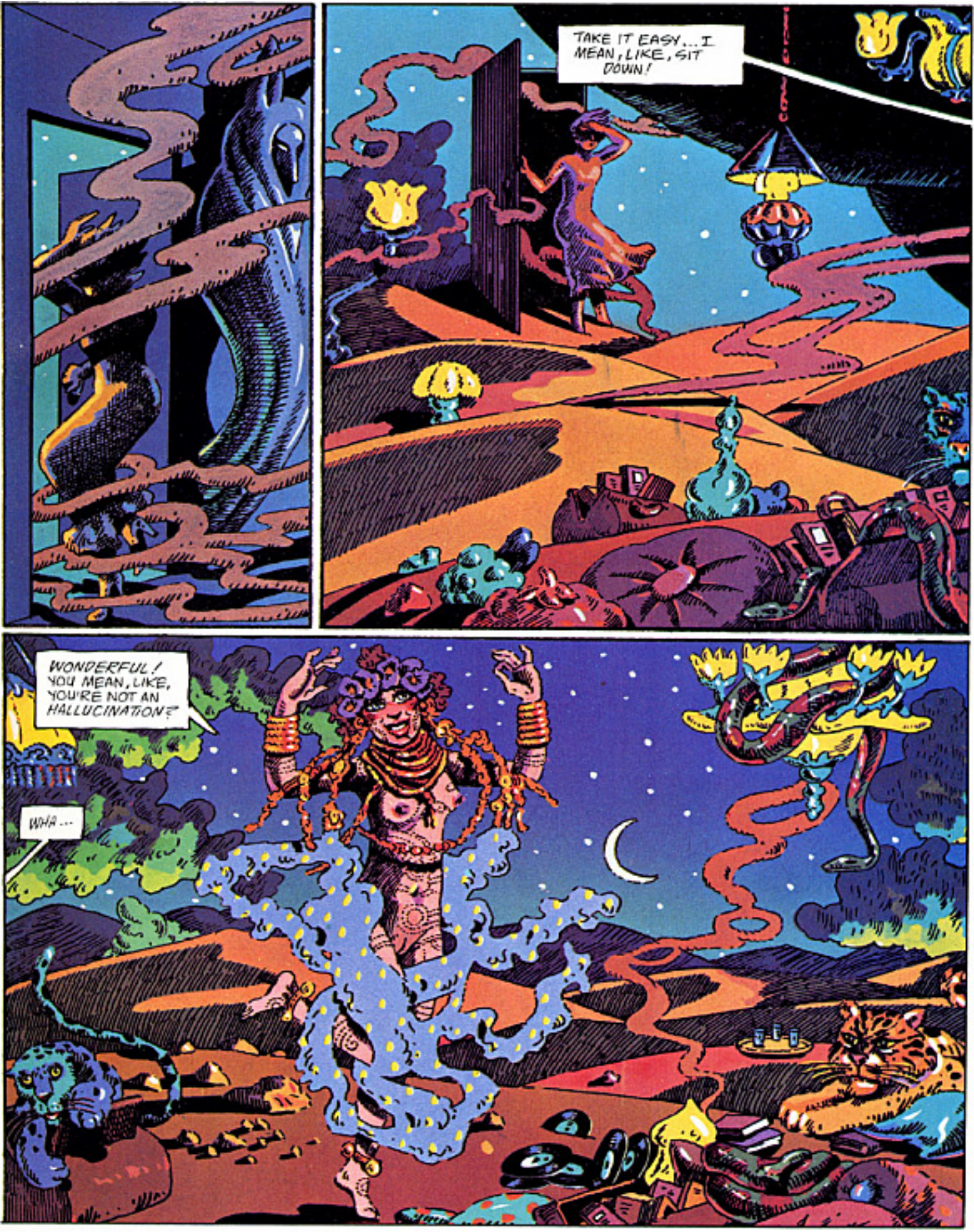
STORY BY ZHA ART BY NICOLE CLAVELOUX





I FEEL A DRAFT! IT'S THE DOOR!
HELLO...
YES, YES, HELLO! WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T DO ANYTHING!


ONE IS SO MUCH AFRAID THAT EVERY-THING WILL MOVE! IT'S THE SAME WAY EVERY DAY, DON'T YOU SEE?
YOU'VE NEVER BEEN IN THE GARDEN?
OH, NO! TOO RISKY, TOO RISKY! SOME-THING MIGHT HAPPEN, YOU NEVER KNOW...
GOOD NIGHT!
SLEEP? OUT OF THE QUESTION! LOVE MIGHT DIE DURING SLEEP!
YES, SPEAK TO ME OF LOVE!
LIKE FIRE! NO DRAFTS, ETERNAL VIGILANCE, NO DISTRACTIONS...
LOOK AT ME!
I'M LOOKING AT YOU!
COME IN, WHOEVER YOU ARE!

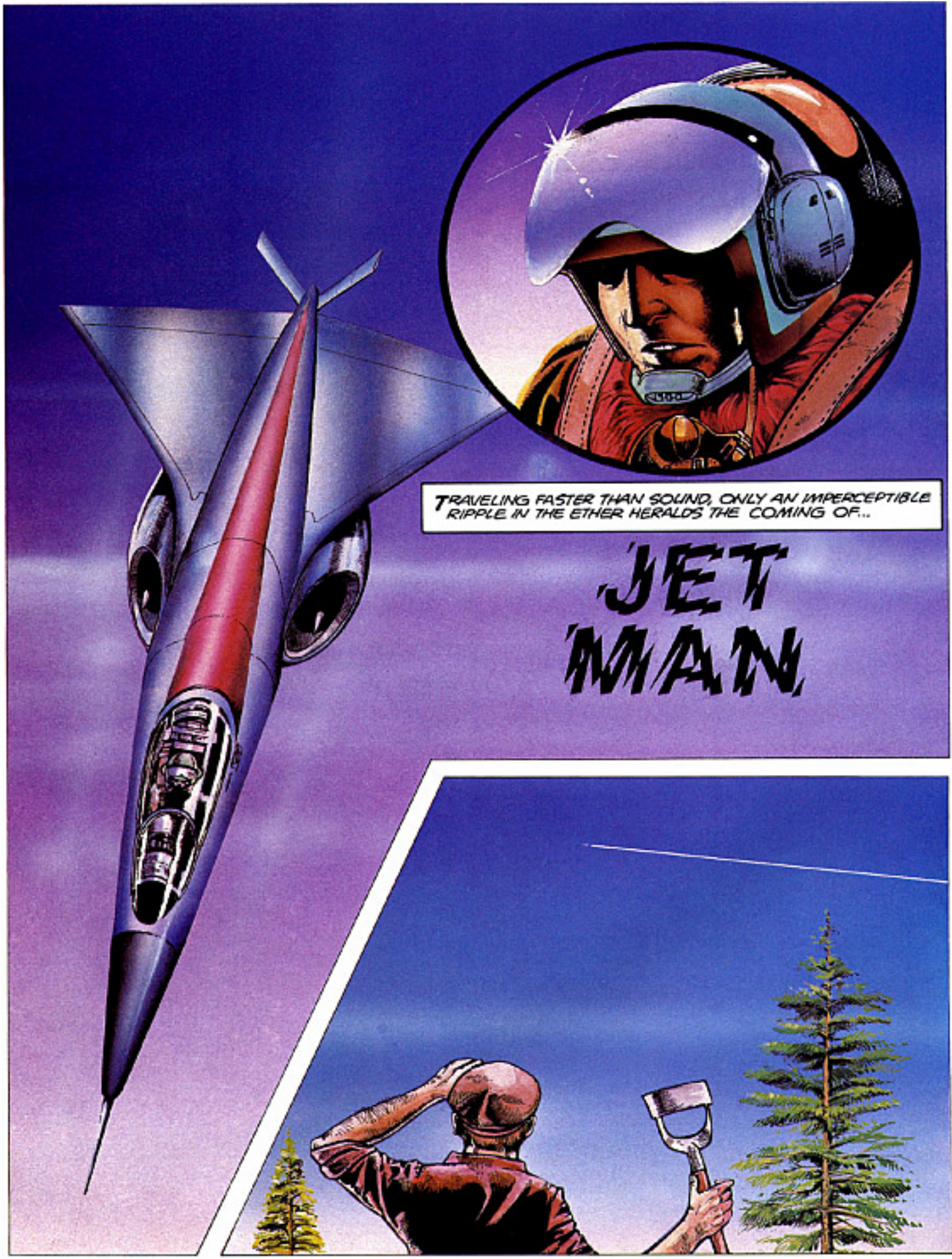

TAKE IT EASY... I MEAN, LIKE, SIT DOWN!
WONDERFUL! YOU MEAN, LIKE, YOU'RE NOT AN HALLUCINATION?
WHA...

YOU TRIP A LOT?
YOU KNOW, LIKE THEY SAY... MY BAGS ARE ALWAYS PACKED!
IT'S, LIKE, A BEAUTIFUL STARRY NIGHT! WILL YOU STAY TO DINNER?
NO, I'M TOO BUSY. GOOD NIGHT.
AH, IT'S YOU, THEN?

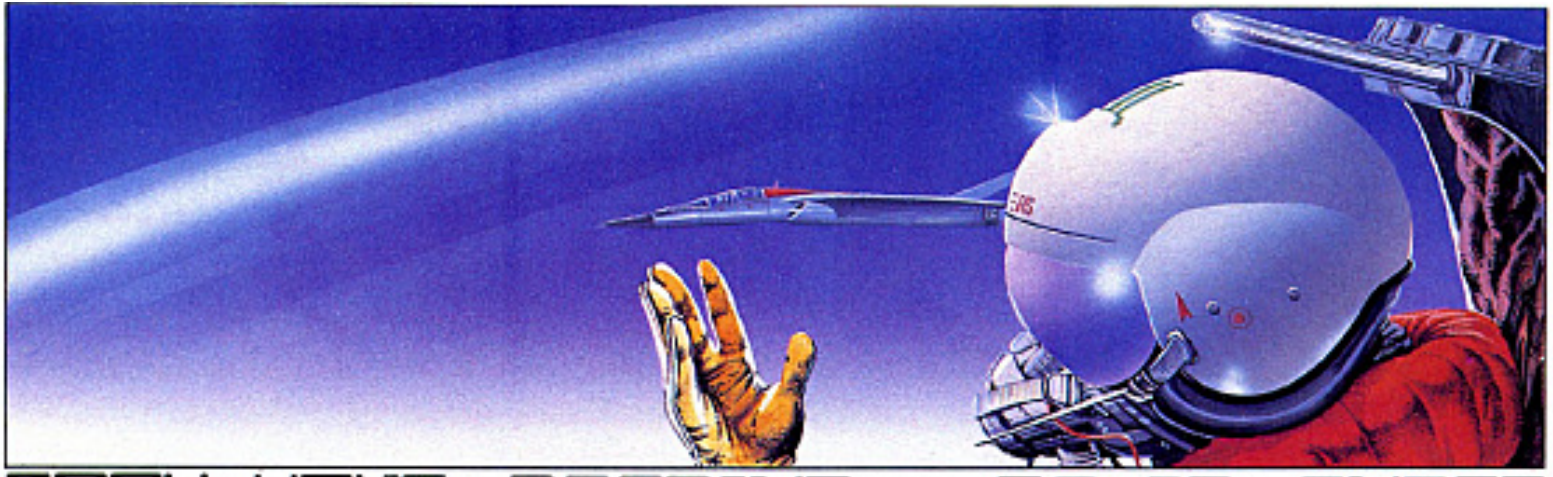
AM I DISTURBING YOU?
NOT AT ALL!
AH, STILL THERE, ARE YOU?
IT'S ALL RIGHT. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I WATCH OVER THE SILENCE...
YES!
ALL OVER THE GLOBE?
WHY?
AH!
ONE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL!

SSSSH! I'M MEDITATING!
HEY!
SHOULD I TAKE EVERYTHING OFF?

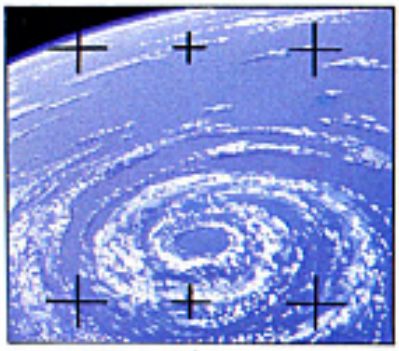
NO, YOU'RE TOO LATE... I'VE AGED FORTY YEARS IN ONE NIGHT!
Jim


TRAVELING FASTER THAN SOUND, ONLY AN IMPERCEPTIBLE RIPPLE IN THE ETHER HERALDS THE COMING OF...
JET MAN

PAL'NURUS
PALNURUS
.THIS·IS·CONTROL··PREPARE·TO·GO···SUPERSONIC···
IDENTITY·SIGNAL·" - " AENEAS
PALNURUS

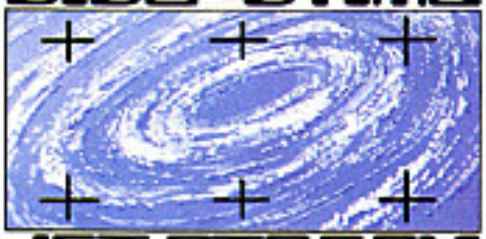


COPY:YOUR BEARING 50:67:-ANEAS

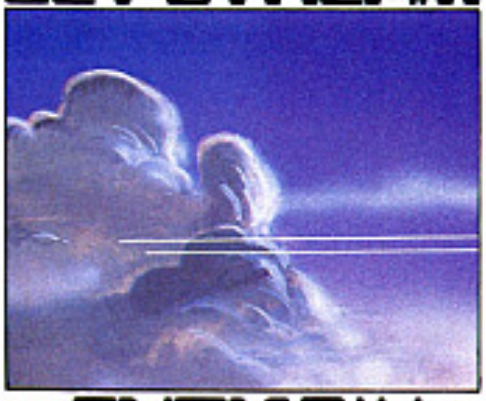


GROUND:CONTROL "AENEAS" PALINURUS
HURRICANE "DIDO" AREA-ALERT ACKNLG:

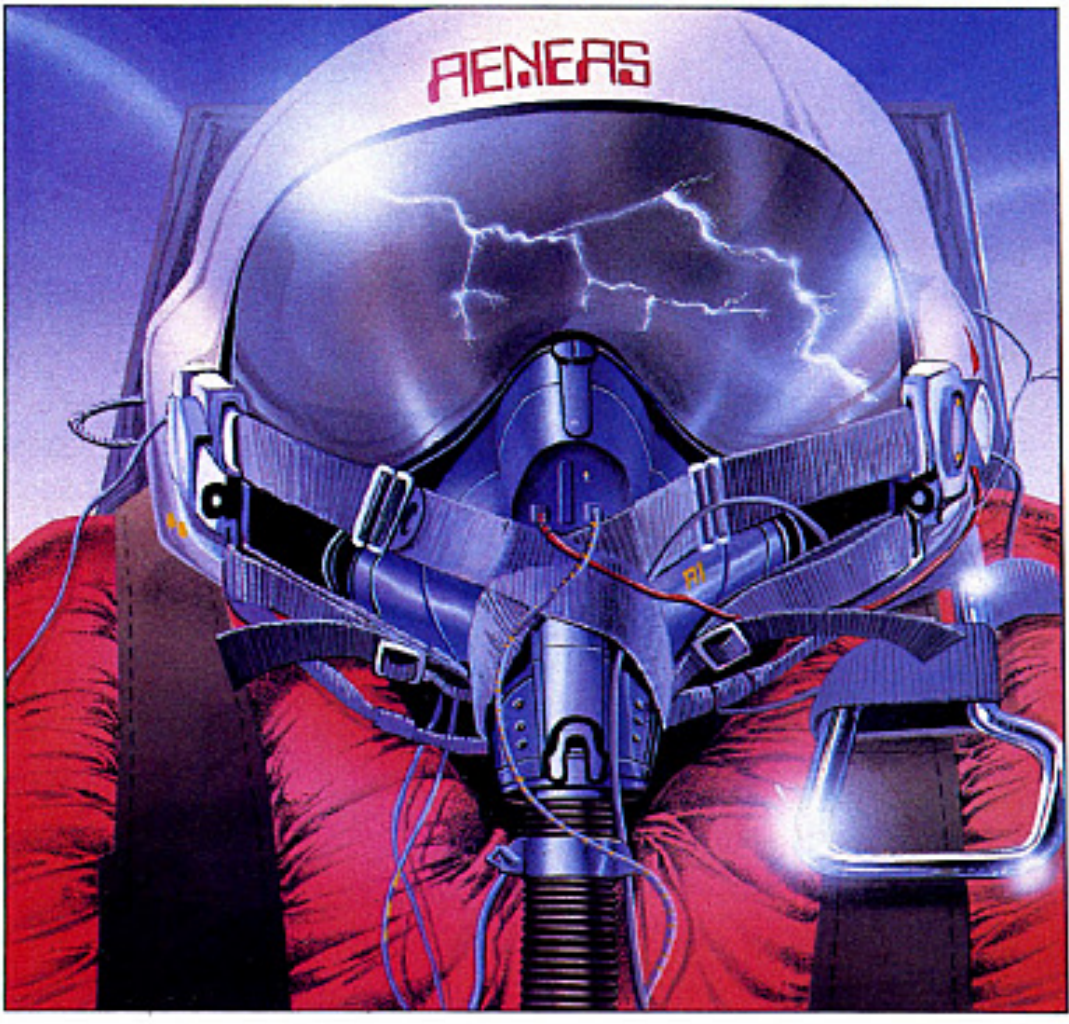
DIDO:DYING



JET:STREAM

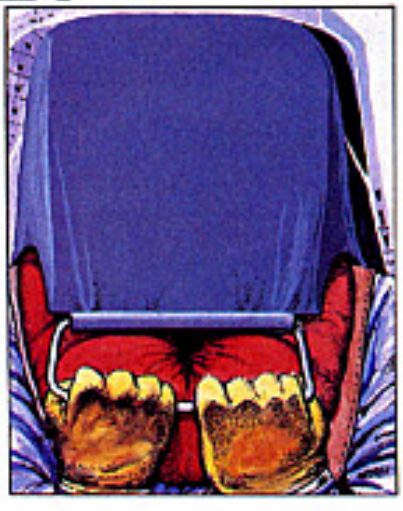


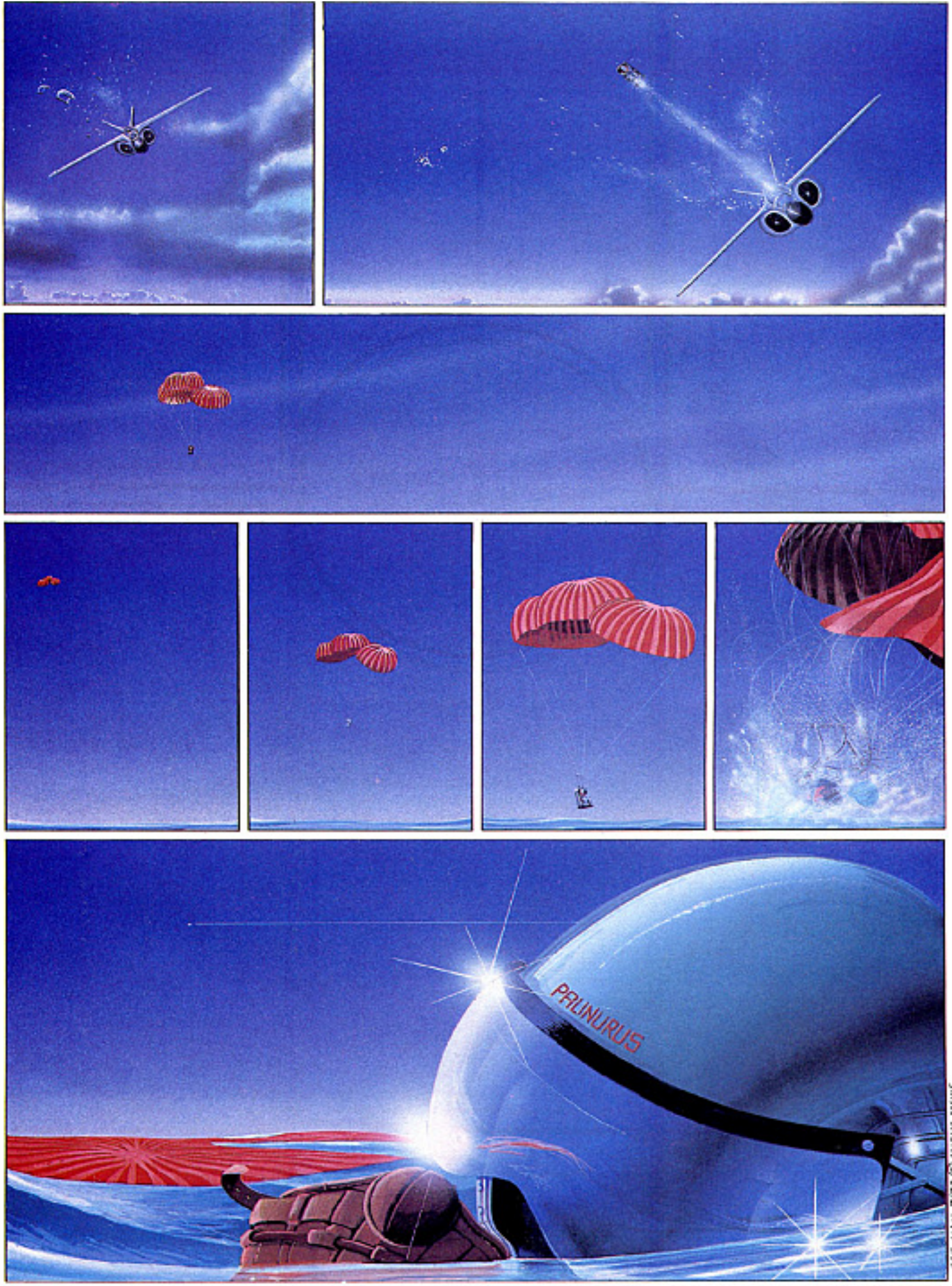
"ANOMALY":



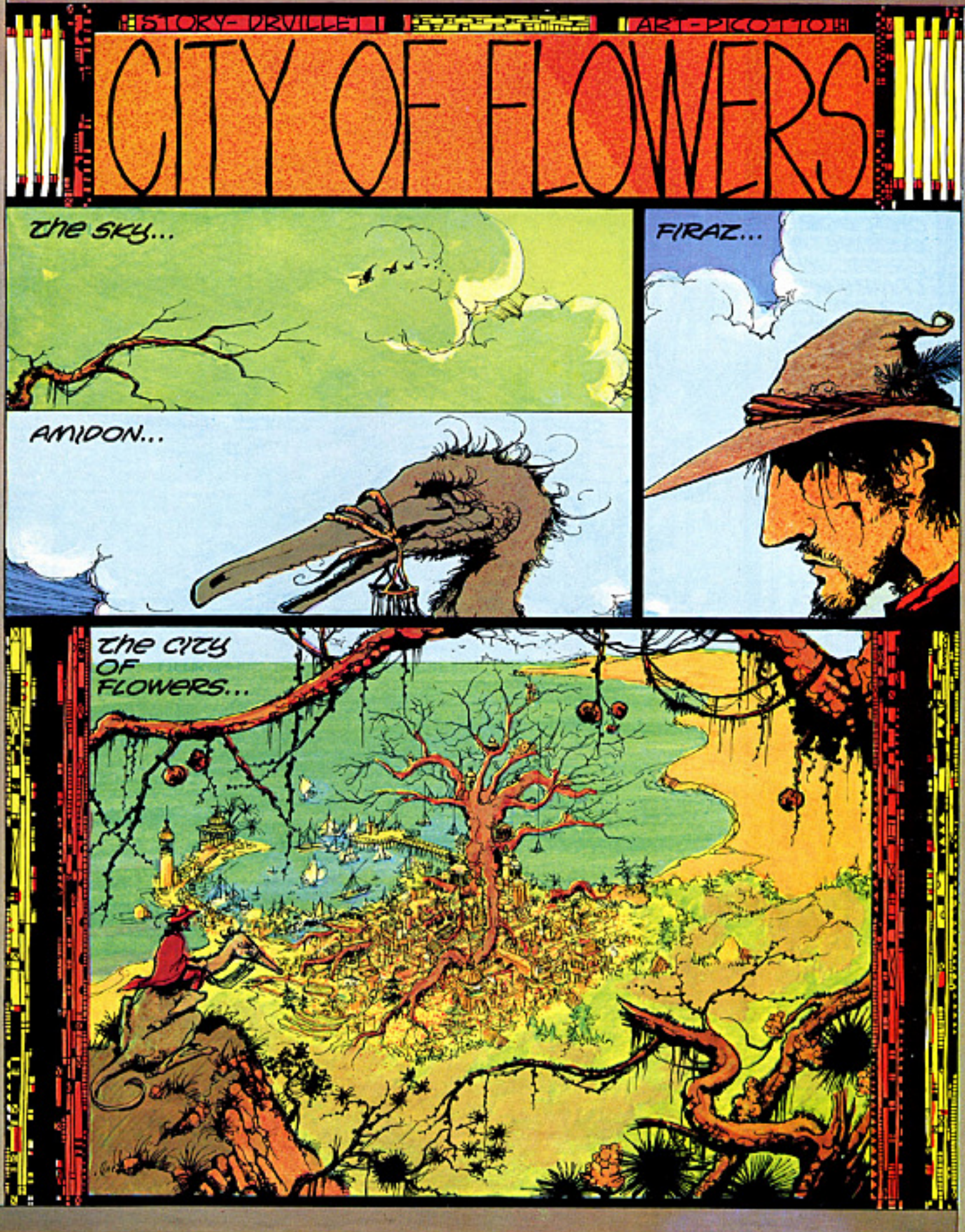
PALINURUS! CORRECT YOUR COURSE!

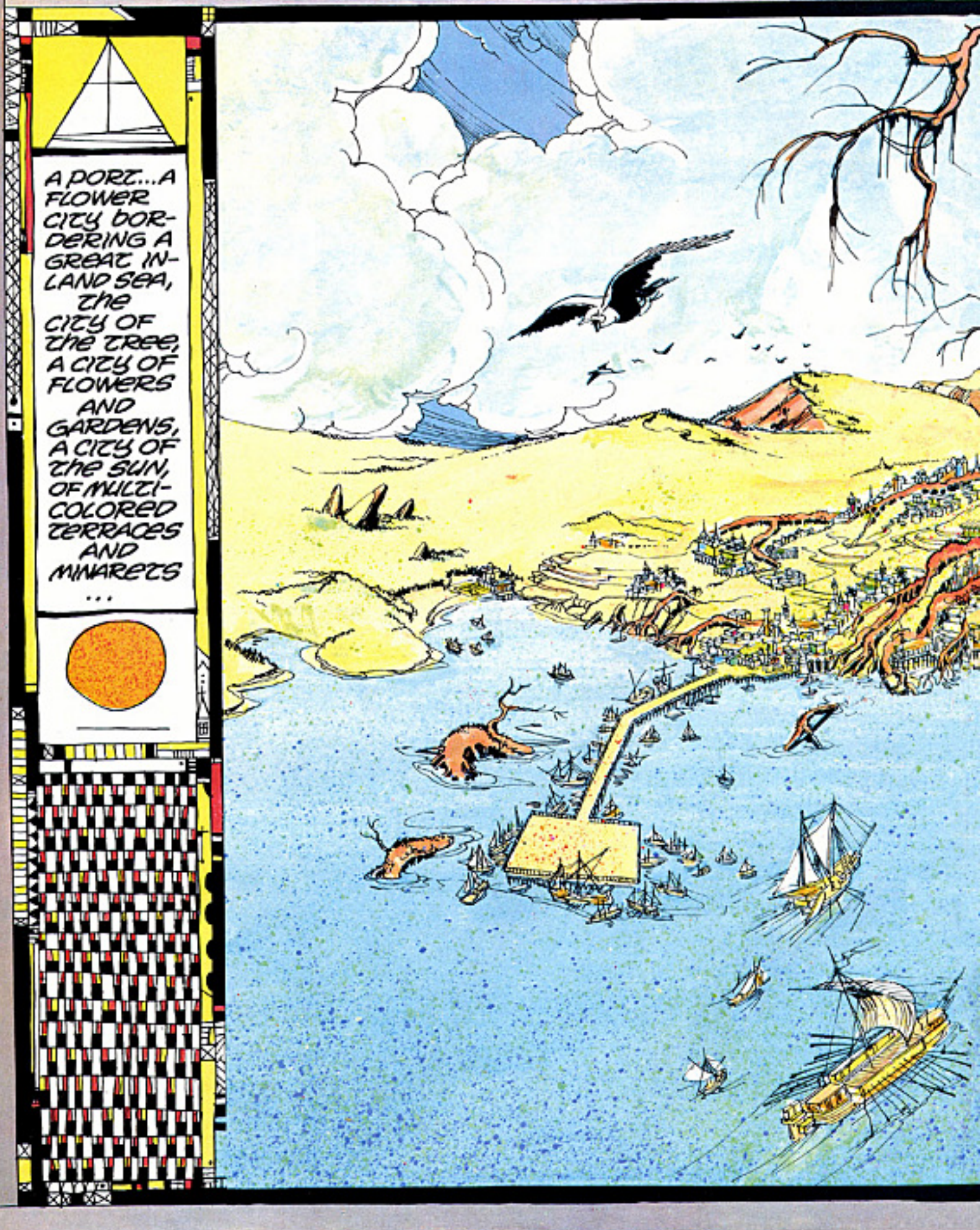
WHAT PRICE THE EMPIRE?

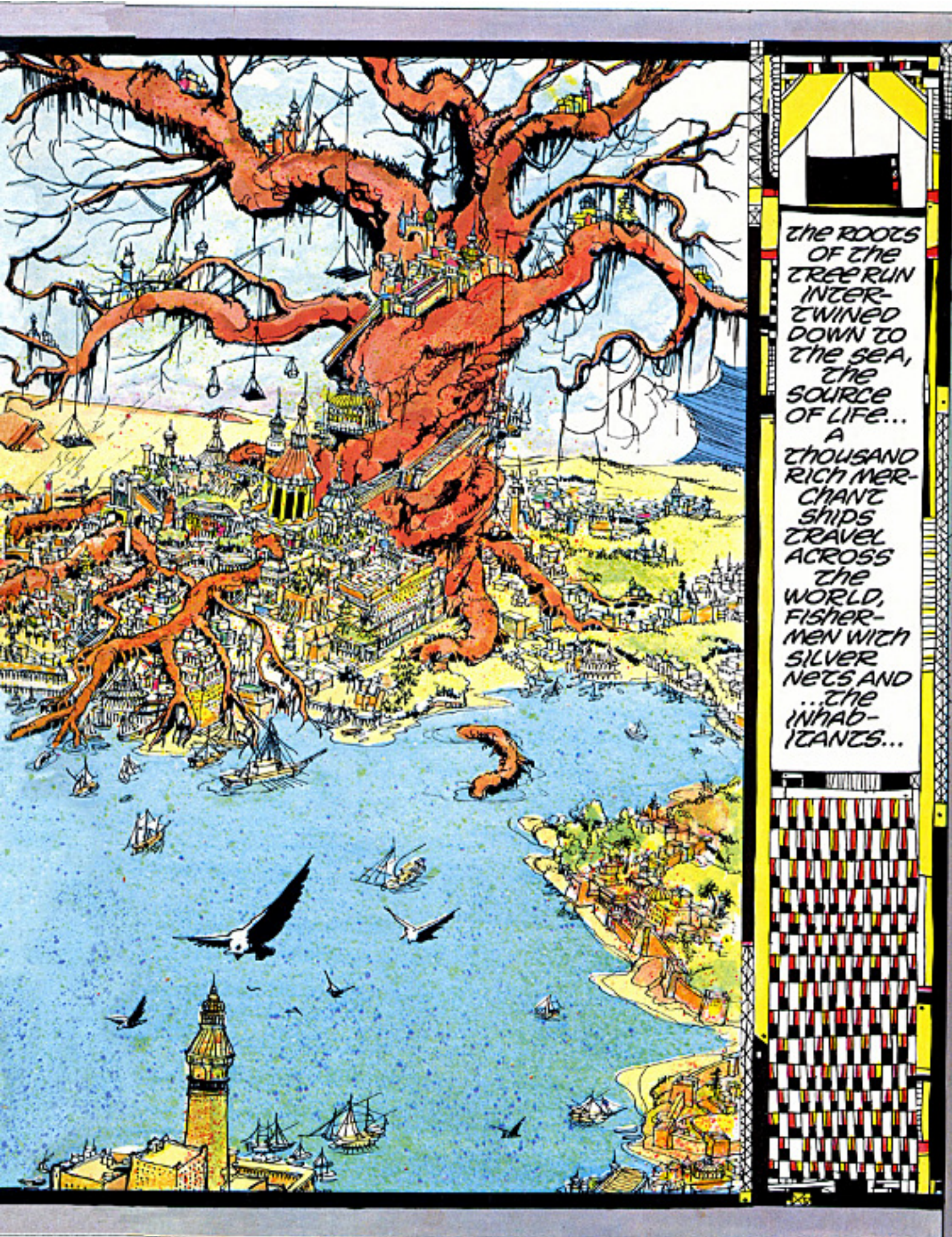




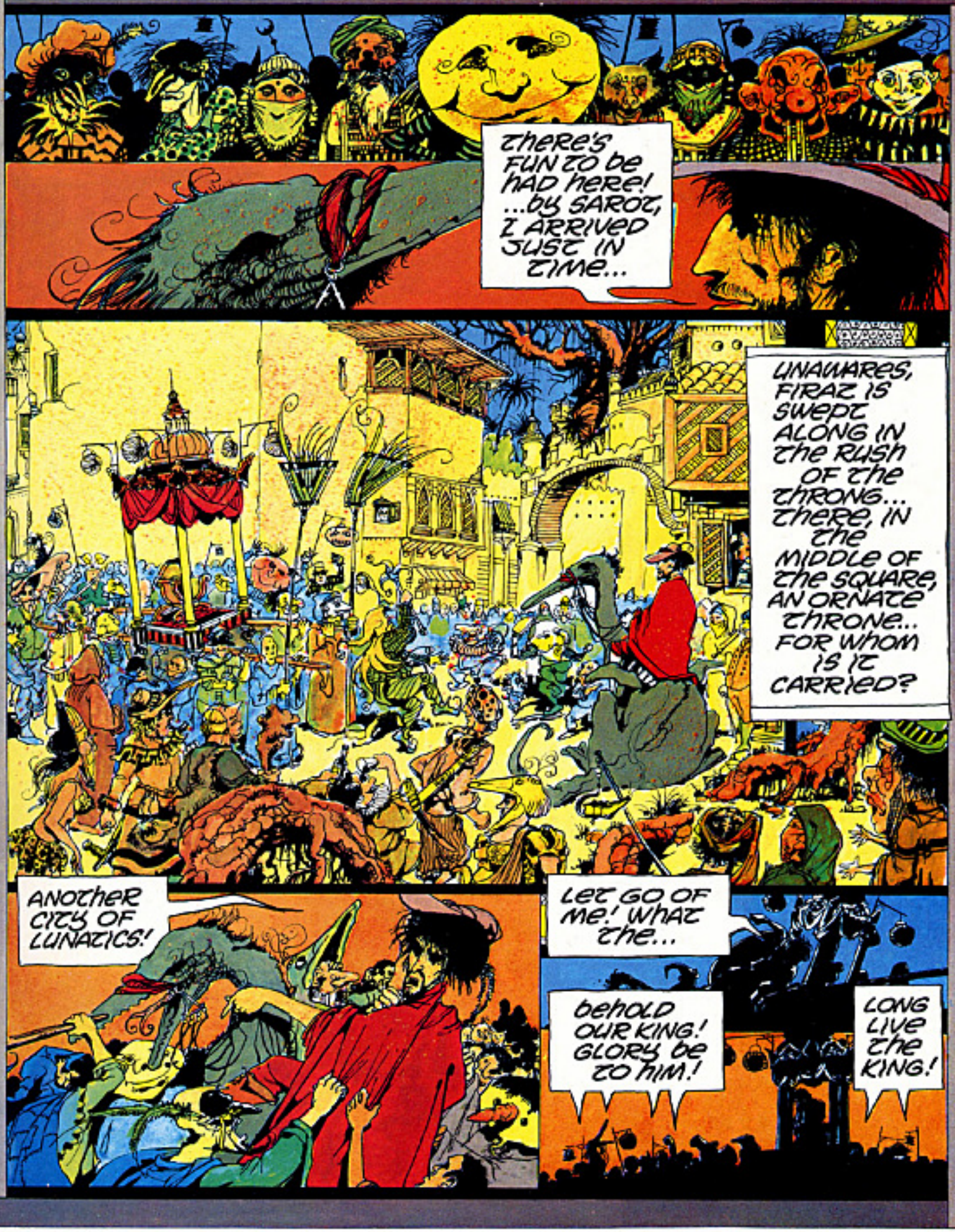
JET-MAN 7/73 © ANSUS McKIE


STORY-DRVILLET
ART-PICOTTO
CITY OF FLOWERS
the sky...
FIRAZ...
AMIDON...
the city of flowers...

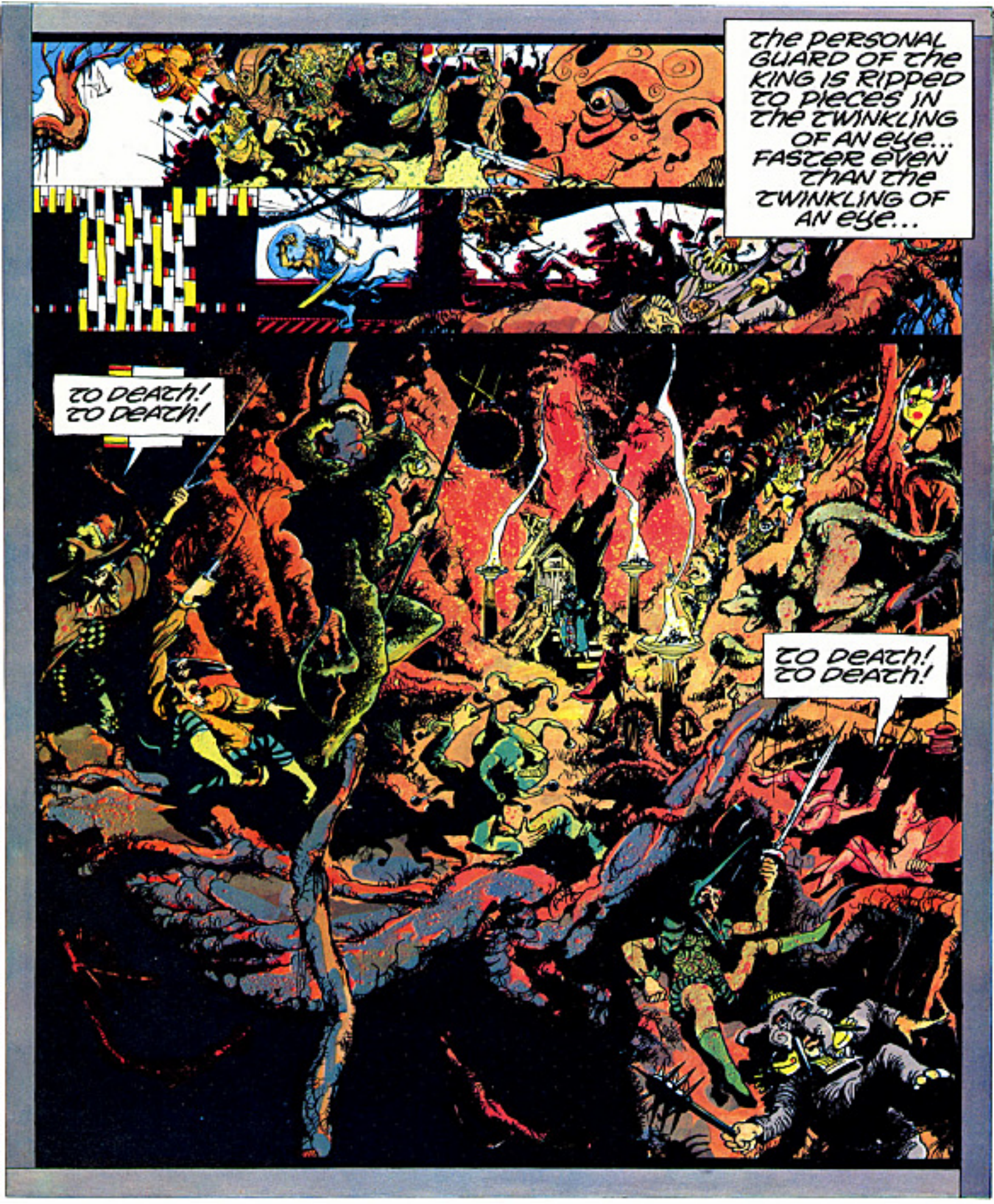

A PORT...A FLOWER CITY BORDERING A GREAT INLAND SEA, THE CITY OF THE TREE, A CITY OF FLOWERS AND GARDENS, A CITY OF THE SUN, OF MULTI-COLORED TERRACES AND MINARETS ...


THE ROOTS OF THE TREE RUN INTER-TWINED DOWN TO THE SEA, THE SOURCE OF LIFE... A THOUSAND RICH MER-CHANT SHIPS TRAVEL ACROSS THE WORLD, FISHER-MEN WITH SILVER NETS AND ...THE INHAB-ITANTS...

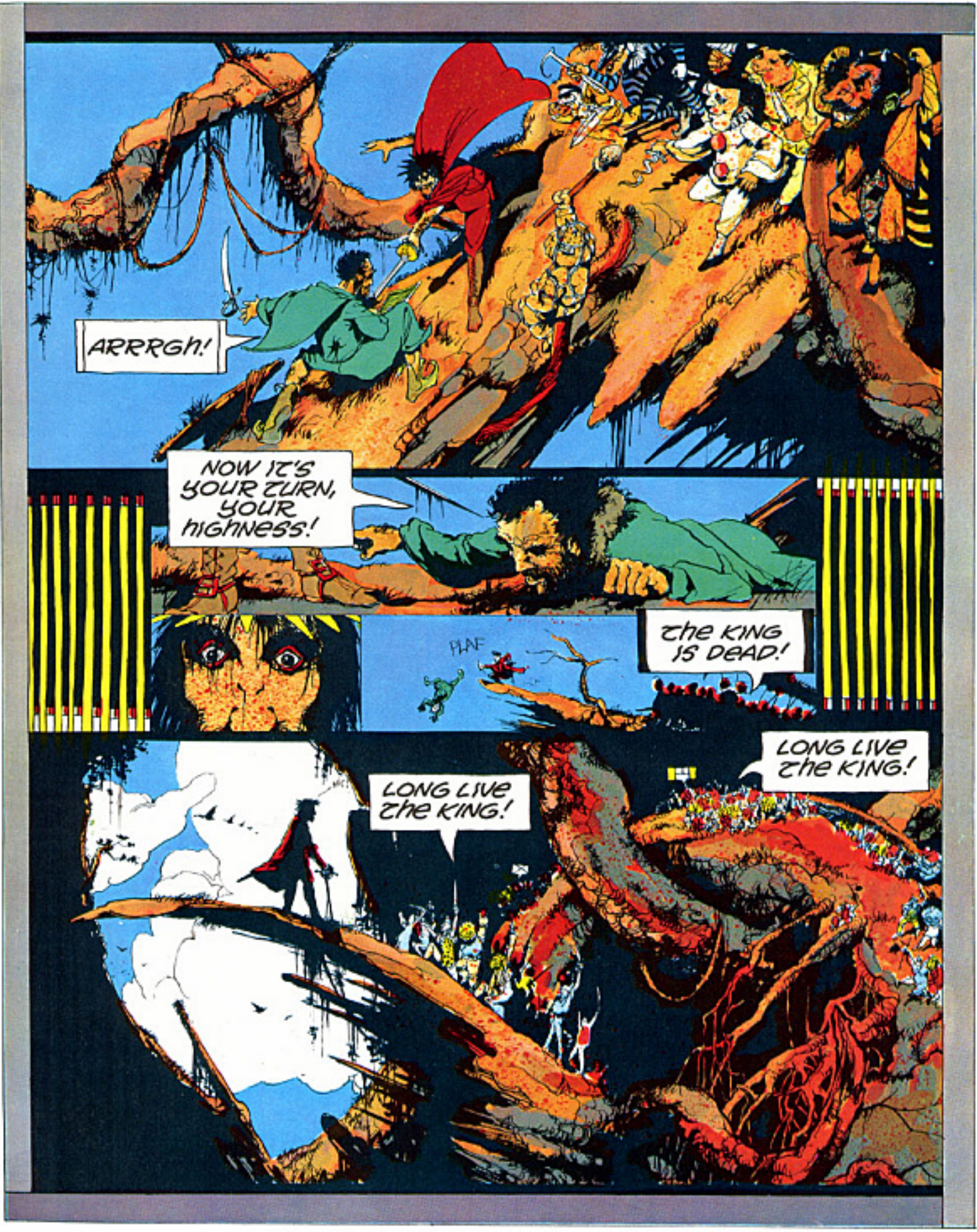
CARNIVAL IS IN FULL SWING, FIRAZ, AND YOU WILL JOIN THE FESTIVITIES... AND KNOW THEIR PURPOSE...

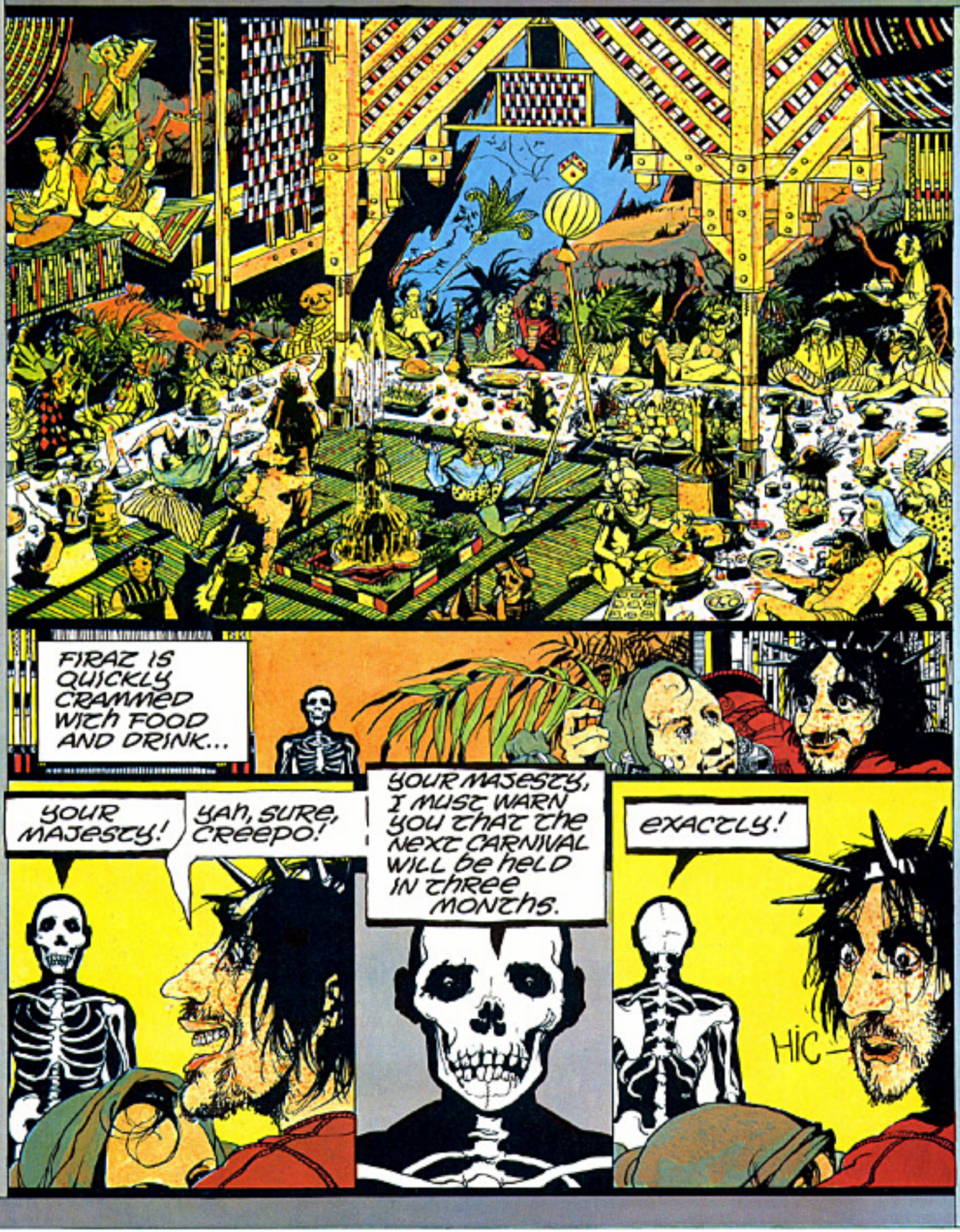

there's FUN to be had here! ...by SAROT, I ARRIVED JUST IN TIME...
UNAWARES, FIRAZ IS SWEPT ALONG IN the RUSH OF the THRONG... there, IN the MIDDLE OF the SQUARE, AN ORNATE THRONE... FOR WHOM IS IT CARRIED?
ANOTHER CITY OF LUNATICS!
LET GO OF ME! WHAT the...
behold OUR KING! GLORY be TO HIM!
LONG LIVE the KING!

GLUG!
BAAAR!!!
LONG LIVE THE KING! TO THE PALACE!
HIC
TO THE PALACE! TO THE PALACE!
KILL, KILL!
TO ARMS!
THE MOTLEY CROWD RUSHES TOWARD THE TREE-PALACE, DRUNK WITH BLOOD, AND THE MASSACRE BEGINS, WITH FIRAZ AT THE HEAD OF THE MOB.

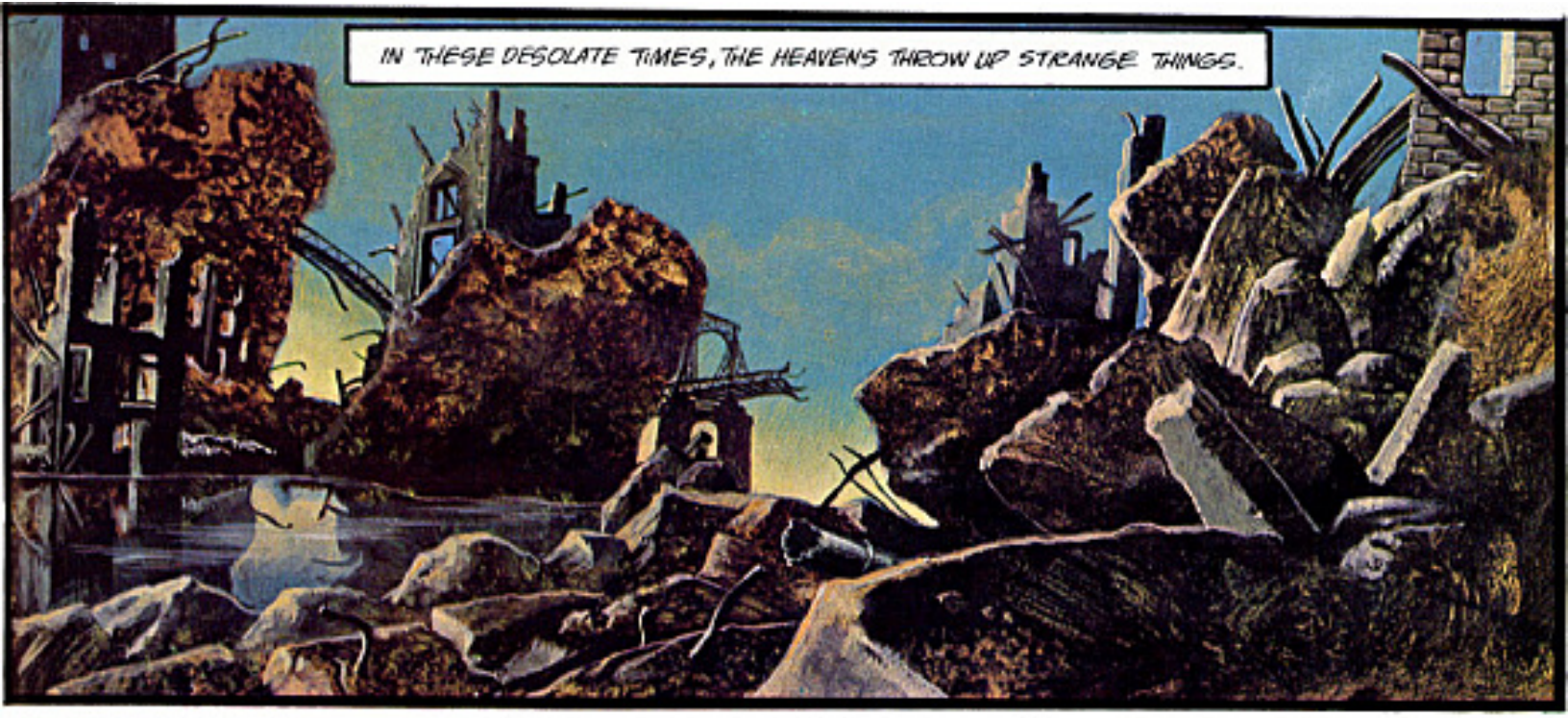

the personal guard of the king is ripped to pieces in the twinkling of an eye... faster even than the twinkling of an eye...
to death! to death!
to death! to death!

MISERABLE SCUM! I'LL WIPE OUT THE LOT OF YOU...
DEATH! DEATH!
AGAIN! AGAIN!
HIS HIGHNESS LIFTED THE REGAL SKIRTS AND RAN AWAY IN A MOST UNDIGNIFIED MANNER.
DAMN YOU ALL AND DAMN YOUR GODS! ...KAFF! KAFF!
KILL! KILL!
KAFF KAFF
GANG OF RATS! FILTHY SWINE...


ARRRGH!
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN, YOUR HIGHNESS!
PLAF
THE KING IS DEAD!
LONG LIVE THE KING!
LONG LIVE THE KING!

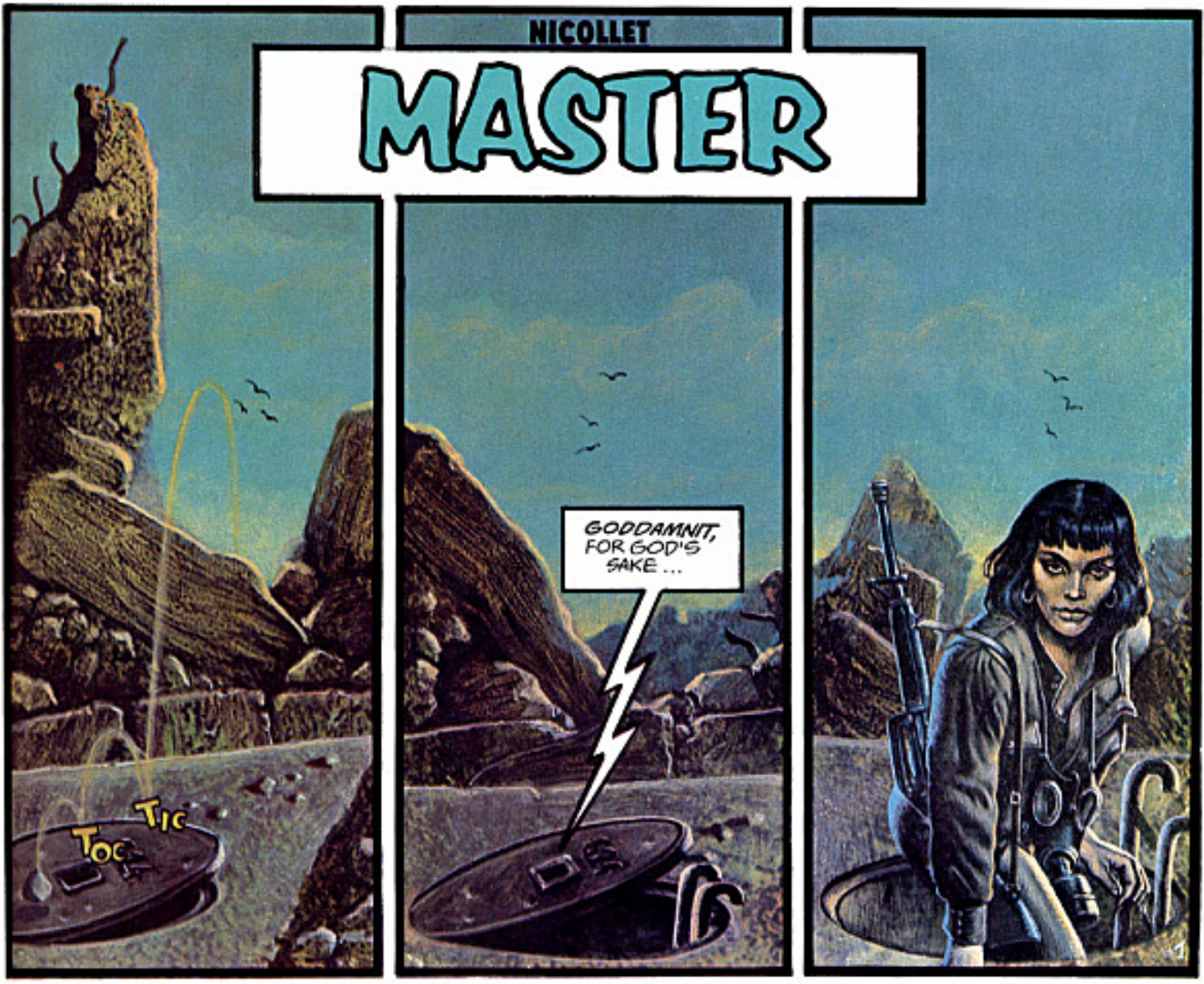

FIRAZ IS QUICKLY CRAMMED WITH FOOD AND DRINK...
YOUR MAJESTY!
YAH, SURE, CREEPO!
YOUR MAJESTY, I MUST WARN YOU THAT THE NEXT CARNIVAL WILL BE HELD IN THREE MONTHS.
EXACTLY!
HIC

FIN

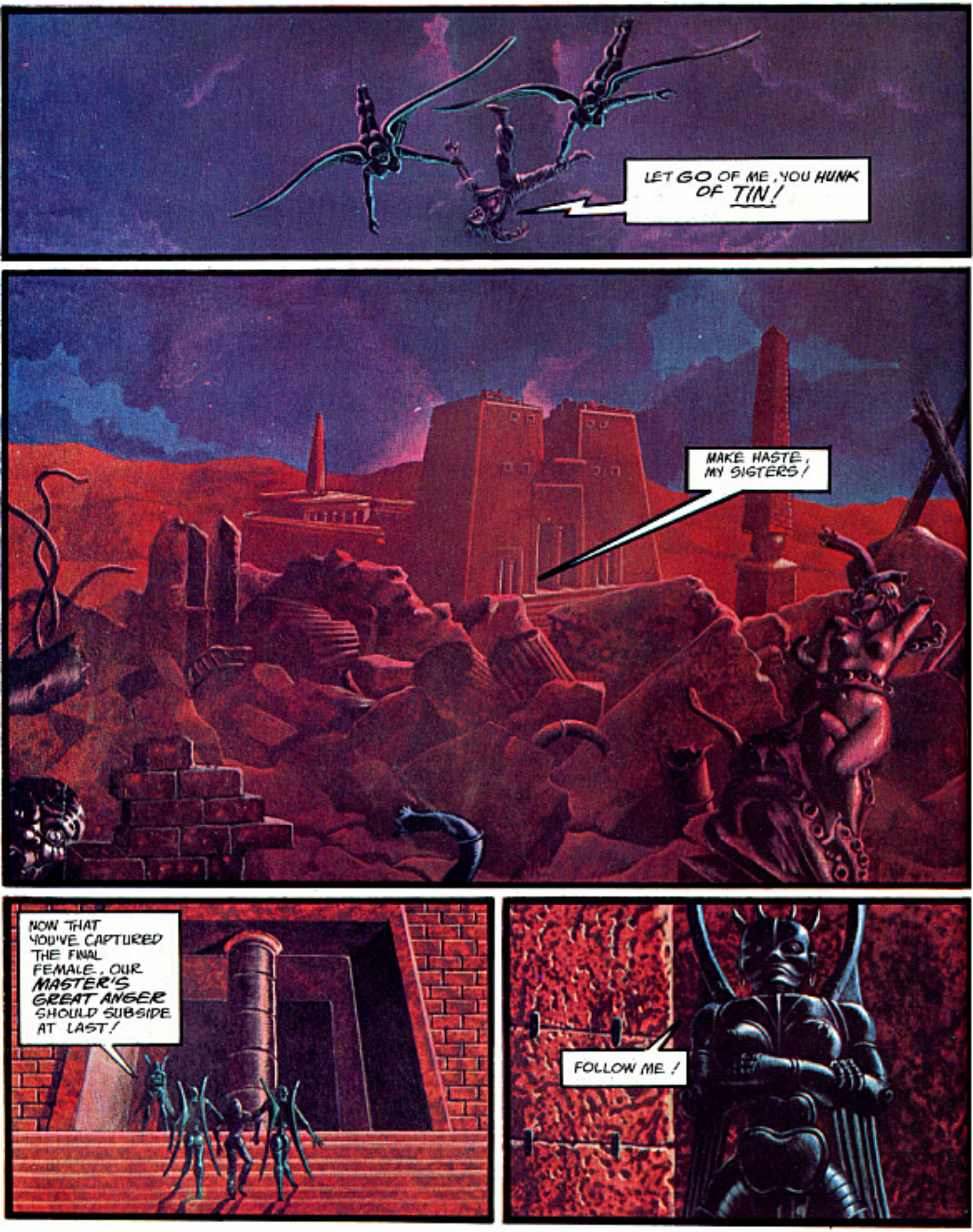


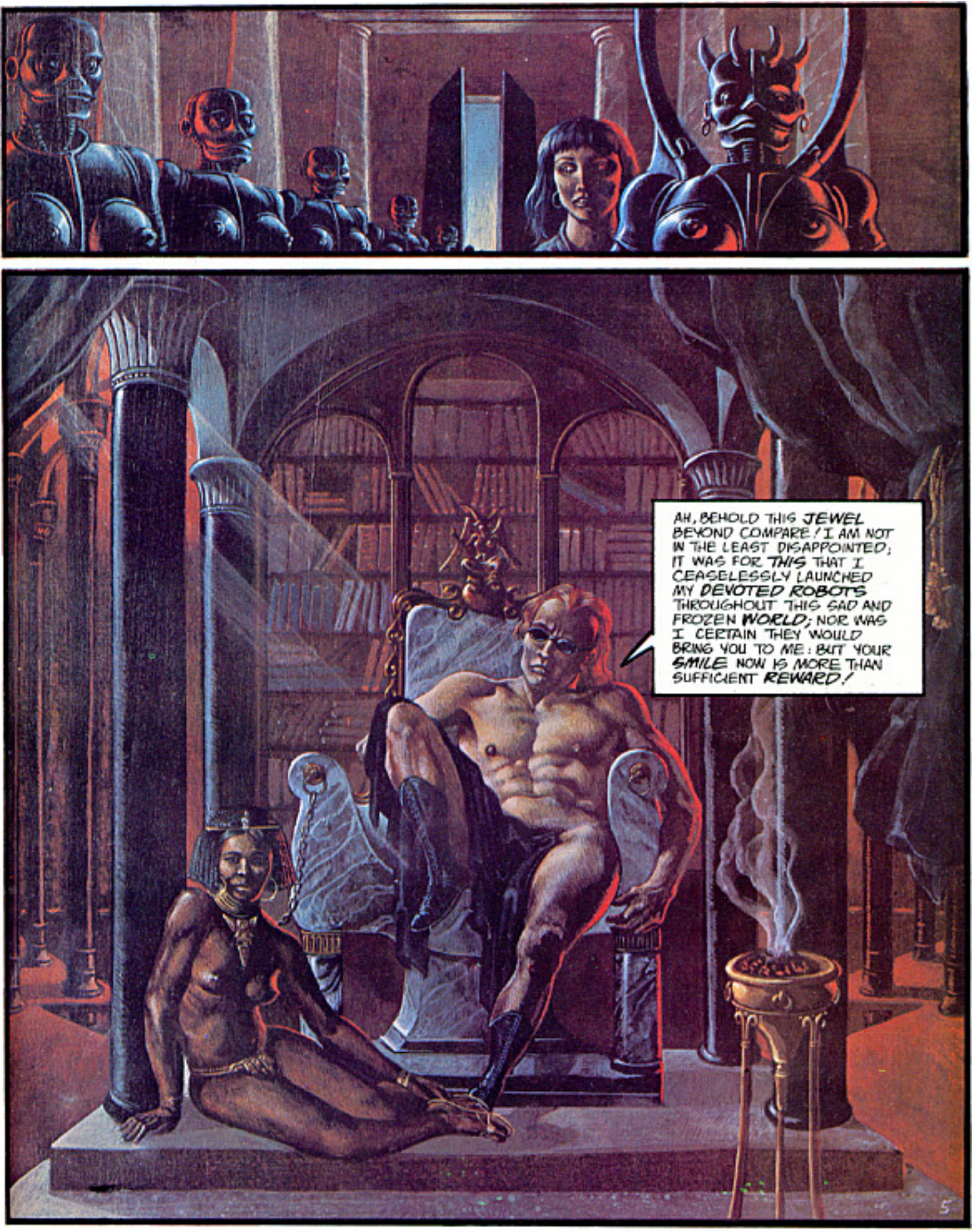
NICOLLET

MASTER



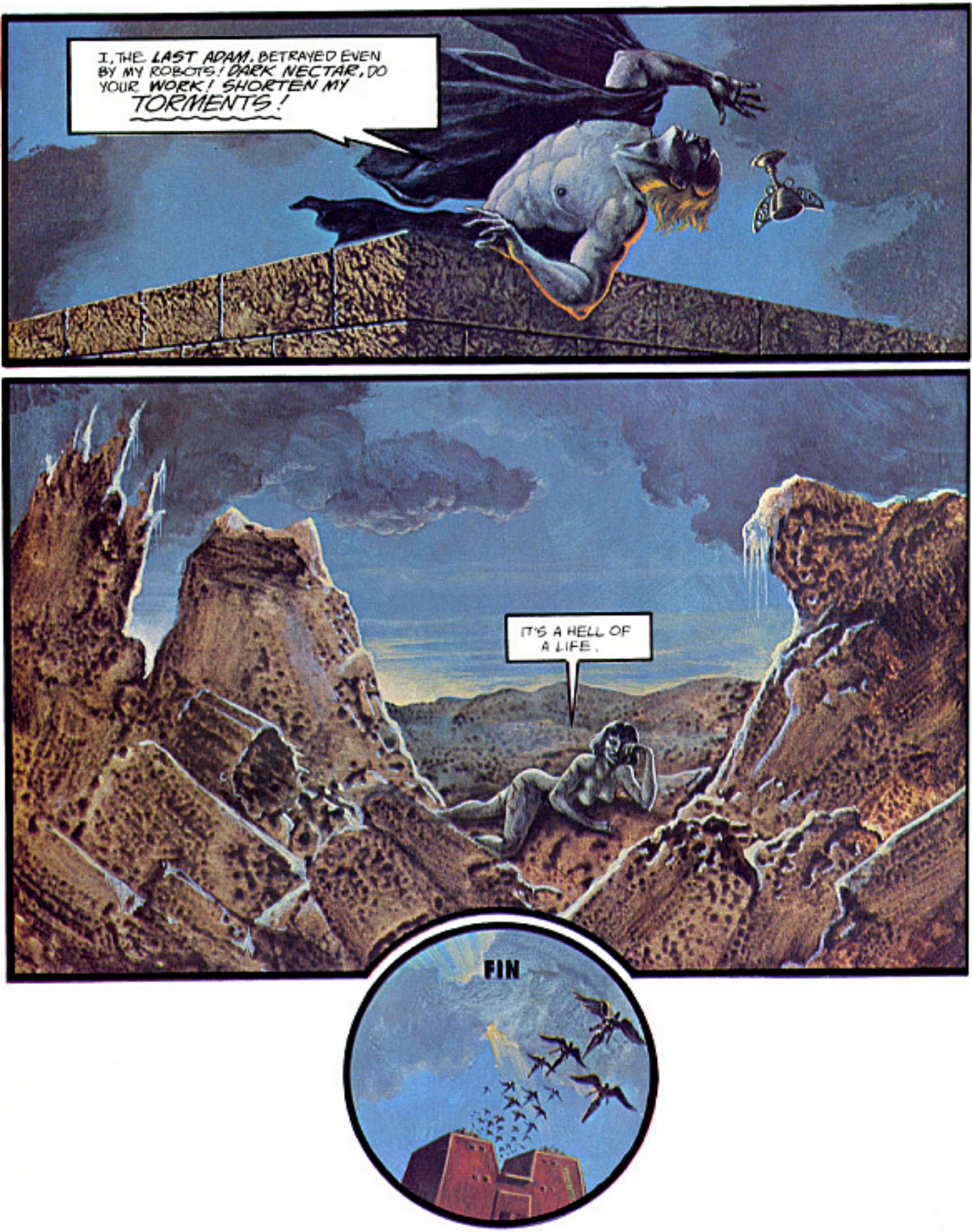
I HAVE NO INTENTION OF LETTING ANYONE SHIT ON ME! NO ONE! EVER!!
PSSST...
MY GOD, THAT'S REALLY DISGUSTING!
IT'S THAT HEALTHY YOUNG FEMALE WE'VE BEEN WATCHING!
SISTER! AT LAST, OUR EFFORTS HAVE BEEN REWARDED!
SWIFTLY OVERPOWERED, THE POOR GIRL SUBMITTED TO THE VIOLENT ASSAULTS OF THE FILTHY CREATURE... BUT...


LET GO OF ME, YOU HUNK OF TIN!
MAKE HASTE, MY SISTERS!
NOW THAT YOU'VE CAPTURED THE FINAL FEMALE, OUR MASTER'S GREAT ANGER SHOULD SUBSIDE AT LAST!
FOLLOW ME!


AH, BEHOLD THIS JEWEL BEYOND COMPARE! I AM NOT IN THE LEAST DISAPPOINTED; IT WAS FOR THIS THAT I CEASELESSLY LAUNCHED MY DEVOTED ROBOTS THROUGHOUT THIS SAD AND FROZEN WORLD; NOR WAS I CERTAIN THEY WOULD BRING YOU TO ME: BUT YOUR SMILE NOW IS MORE THAN SUFFICIENT REWARD!
5

AND WITH YOUR WHOLESOME BEAUTY, YOU AND I WILL PRODUCE A NEW RACE, ALONE AS WE ARE UPON THIS DESOLATE WORLD.
AND SO, MY MASTER, YOU ARE DRIVING ME AWAY? YOU HAVE GROWN WEARY OF MY STERILE WOMB AND ARE NOW INFLAMED BY SUCH VULGAR CHARMS AS THESE?
WELL, MY MASTER, TO PLEASE YOU THE MORE, I SHALL PUT AN END, WITH THIS KNIFE DIPPED IN POISON, TO THIS LIFE WHICH ONCE QUIVERED COMPLETELY IN YOUR HANDS!... FAREWELL, TRAITOR! MAY YOU BE DAMNED!
SIR, HAVE YOU DECIDED?
I'M TIRED OF HER STERILITY. SHE MUST CERTAINLY BE CAST OUT!

SO LET HER BEGIN HER JOURNEY TO THE SHADOWY KINGDOM. AND IN THE MOMENT OF OUR UNION'S CONSUMMATION, MAY WE BEGIN TO REPEOPLE THE WORLD WITH HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN.
With her gentle gaze she won my heart,
With her regal bearing she charmed me,
But she, too, has been contaminated by
That goddamn radiation!
WHAT IS WITH THIS GUY? HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND!
A LIFE WITHOUT PURPOSE, A DEATH WITHOUT PROGENY! ALL MY MASTERY HAS LED ME TO THIS, JUST TO THIS ...
AS FOR YOU, DEMON, BACK TO HELL WITH YOU!!!!
7

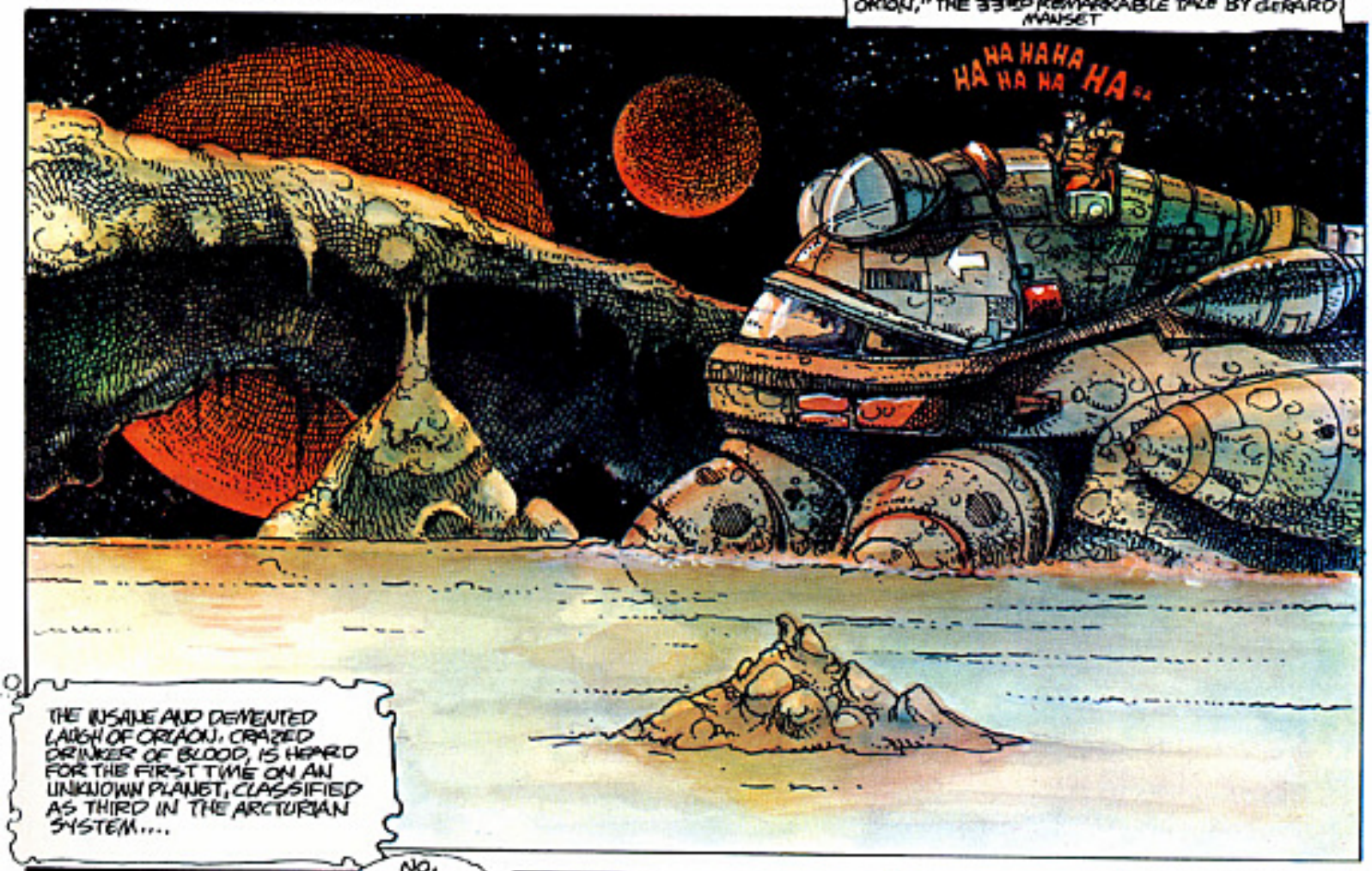

I, THE LAST ADAM, BETRAYED EVEN BY MY ROBOTS! DARK NECTAR, DO YOUR WORK! SHORTEN MY TORMENTS!
IT'S A HELL OF A LIFE.
FIN

THE DEATH OF ORLAON ①

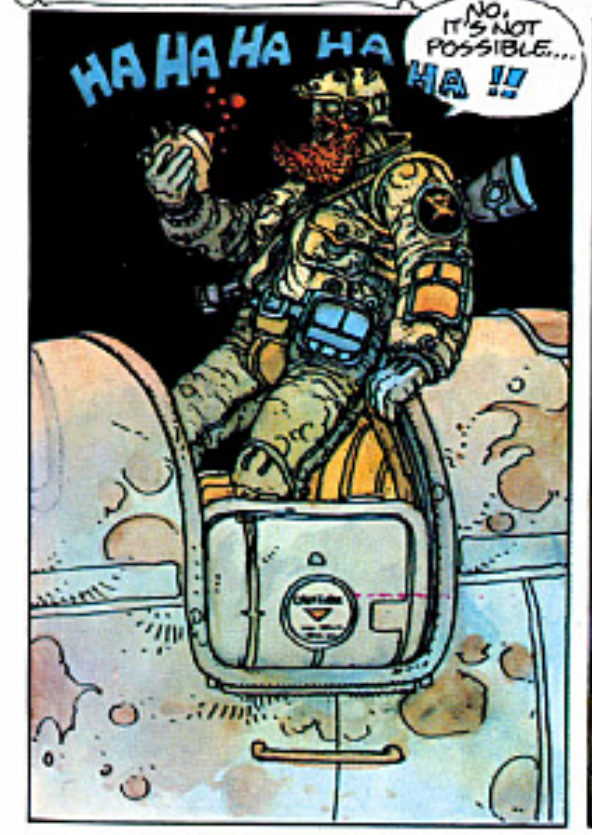
OR LEGENDARY IMMORTALITY

BIRNY '84

① NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH "THE DEATH OF ORION," THE 33RD REMARKABLE TALE BY GERARD MANSET



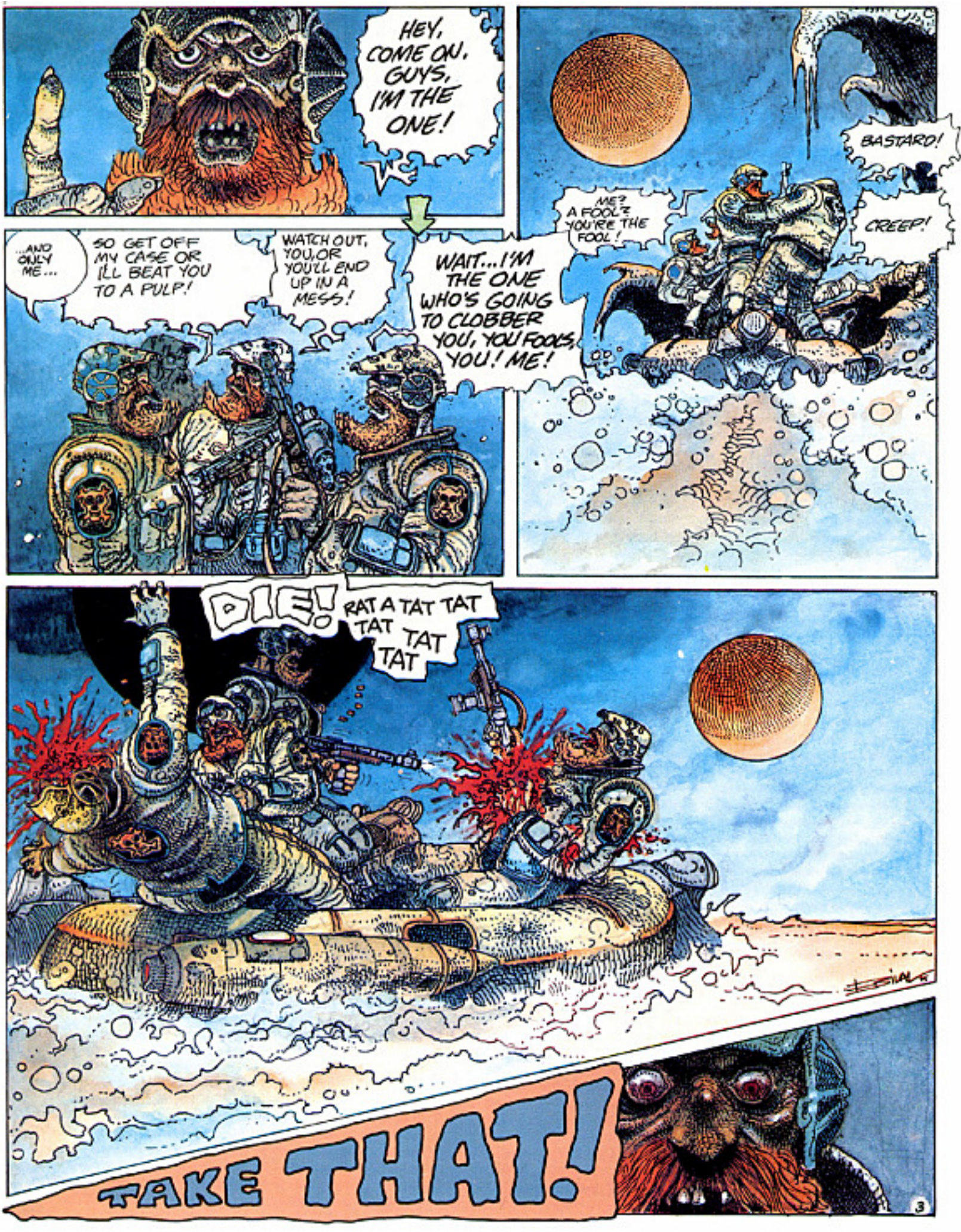
THE INSANE AND DEMENTED LAUGH OF ORLAON, CRAZED DRINKER OF BLOOD, IS HEARD FOR THE FIRST TIME ON AN UNKNOWN PLANET, CLASSIFIED AS THIRD IN THE ARCTURIAN SYSTEM....

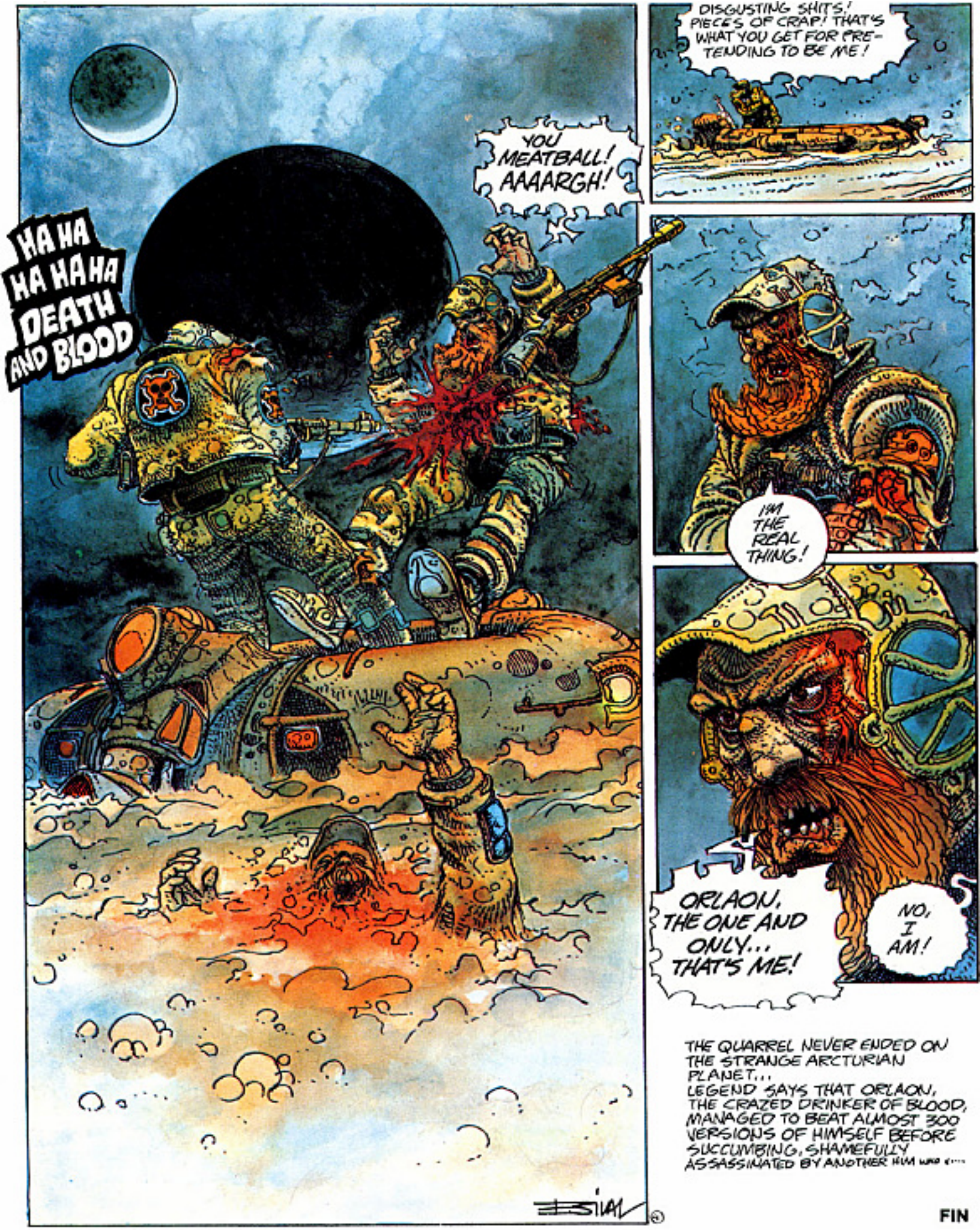


NOT EVEN A CAT FOR A HUNDRED MILES AROUND ACCORDING TO THIS DUMB RADAR! EVEN UNKNOWN PLANETS ARE AFRAID WHEN I ARRIVE... HA HA HA HA HA!

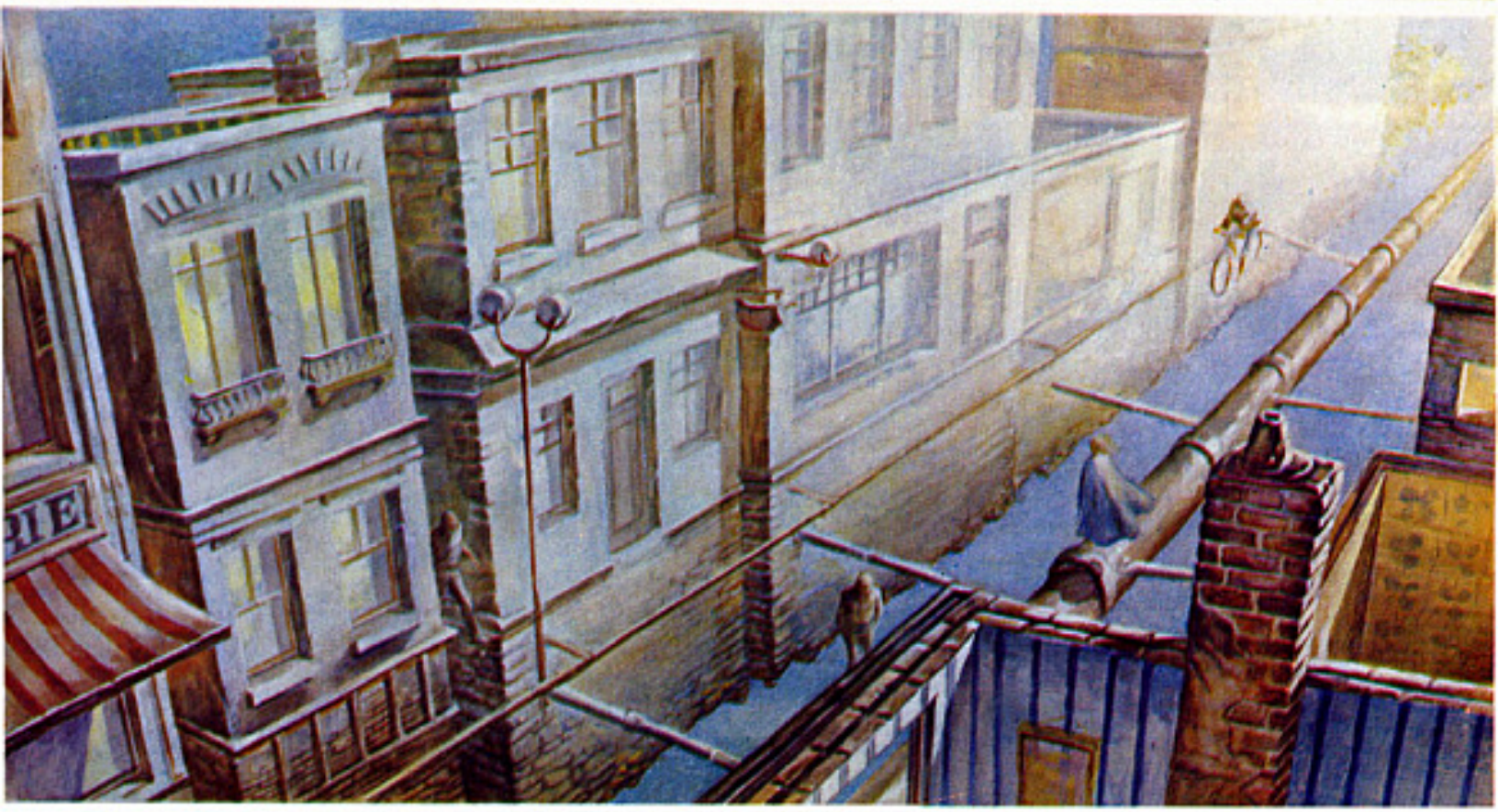
PITY! PITY! I WOULD HAVE LIKED TO MAKE A LITTLE ARCTURIAN BLOOD FLOW, JUST TO SEE THE COLOR AND TEST THE TASTE...
...SPEAKING OF WHICH, IT'S CERTAINLY TRUE THAT HUMAN BLOOD IS THE MOST EXCITING IN THE GALAXY... IT'S BEAUTIFUL AND IT'S GOOD....

WELL... WHAT THE FUCK... I'LL GO DRINK UP SOMEWHERE ELSE!
HEE HEE HEE... AFTER ALL, I'M HERE TO HIDE THE MOST FABULOUS HOARD OF MAUVE GOLD IN ALL THE KNOWN UNIVERSE... AND IT'S MY GOLD!... HA!HA!HA!
NO! IT'S MINE!
?!
WHAT???
AND I WARN YOU, YOU DISGUSTING PIECE OF SHIT, IF YOU GO ON PRETENDING THAT YOU'RE ME, I'LL EAT YOUR HEART!
HEY, COME ON, BUDDY! YOU'RE PISSING ME OFF! IT'S ME WHO'S ORLAON!
NO, IT'S ME!
?
2

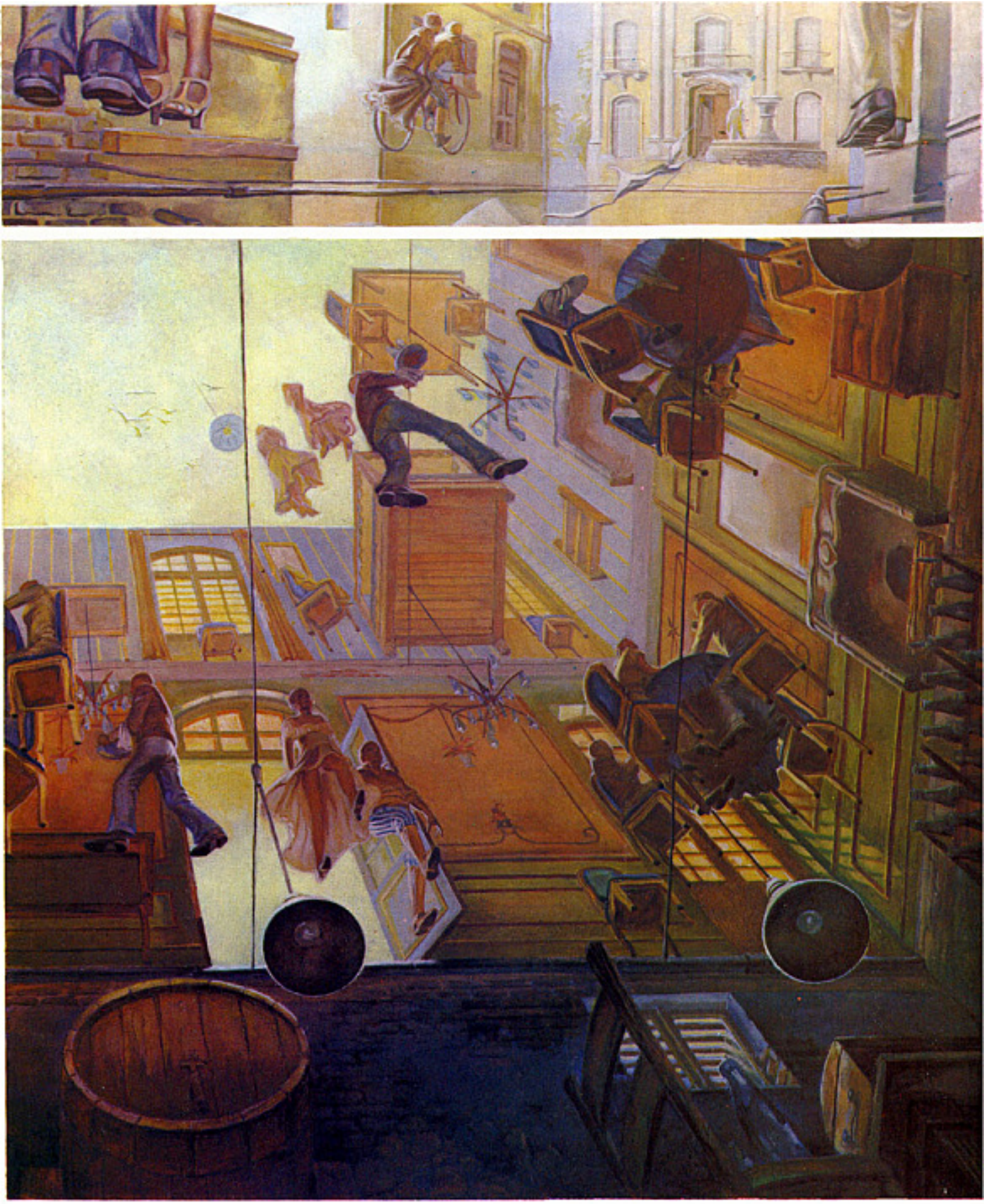

HEY, COME ON, GUYS, I'M THE ONE!
BASTARD!
ME? A FOOL? YOU'RE THE FOOL!
CREEP!
...AND ONLY ME...
SO GET OFF MY CASE OR I'LL BEAT YOU TO A PULP!
WATCH OUT, YOU, OR YOU'LL END UP IN A MESS!
WAIT...I'M THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO CLOBBER YOU, YOU FOOLS, YOU! ME!
DIE! RAT A TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT
TAKE THAT!
3


HA HA HA HA HA DEATH AND BLOOD
YOU MEATBALL! AAAARGH!
DISGUSTING SHITS! PIECES OF CRAP! THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR PRETENDING TO BE ME!
I'M THE REAL THING!
ORLAON, THE ONE AND ONLY... THAT'S ME!
NO, I AM!
THE QUARREL NEVER ENDED ON THE STRANGE ARCTURIAN PLANET... LEGEND SAYS THAT ORLAON, THE CRAZED DRINKER OF BLOOD, MANAGED TO BEAT ALMOST 300 VERSIONS OF HIMSELF BEFORE SUCCUMBING, SHAMEFULLY ASSASSINATED BY ANOTHER HIM who c....
FIN

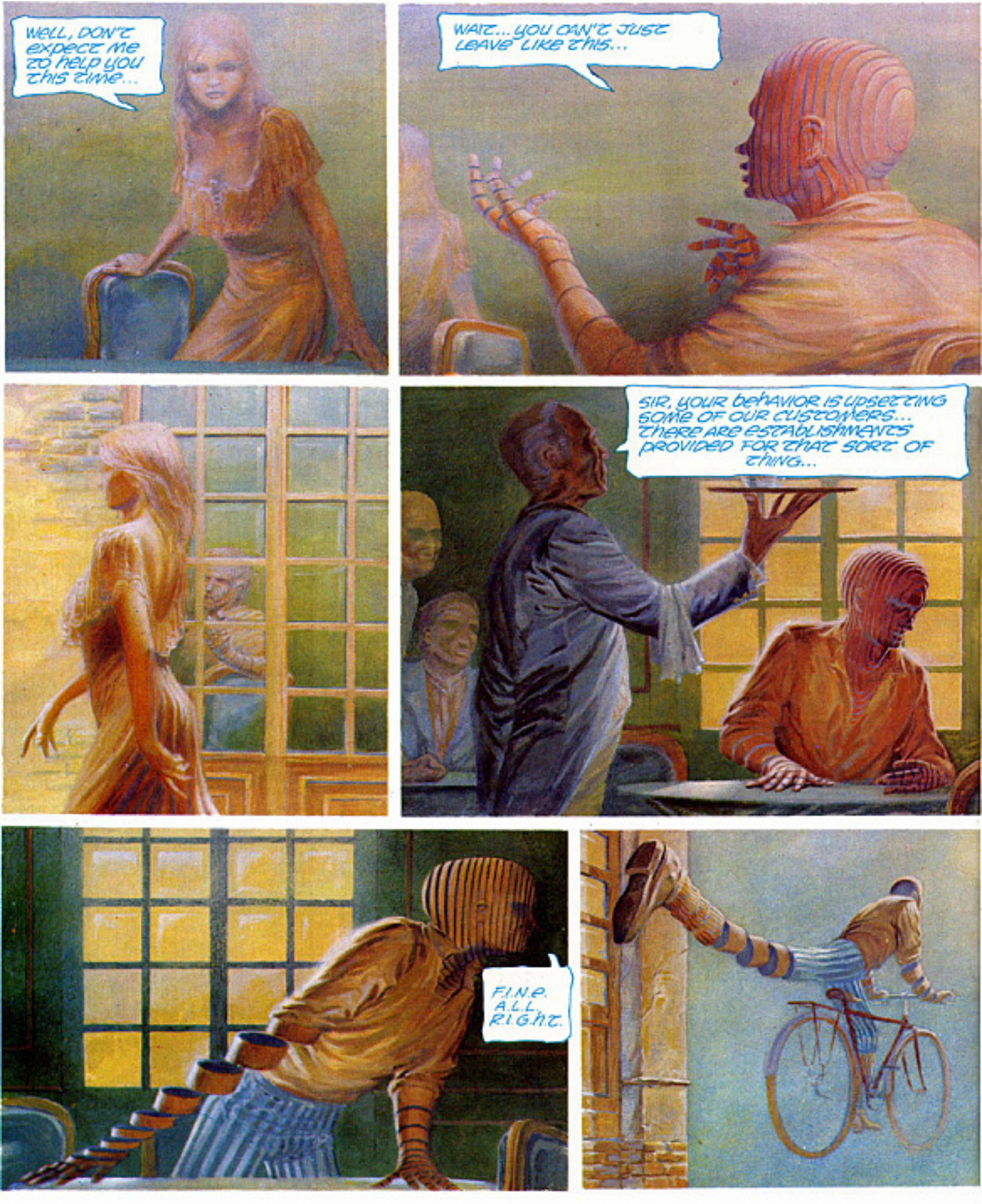
going to pieces

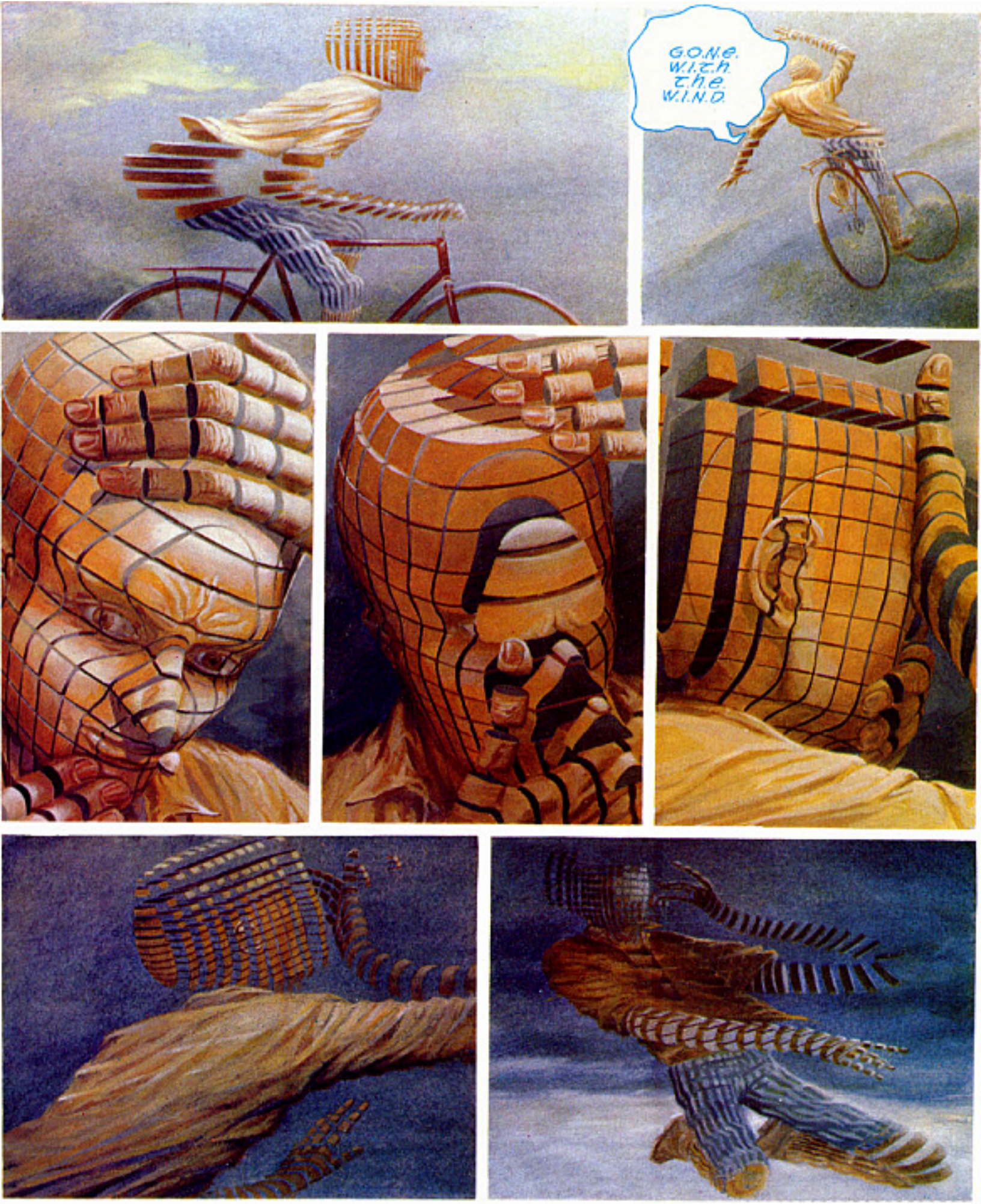


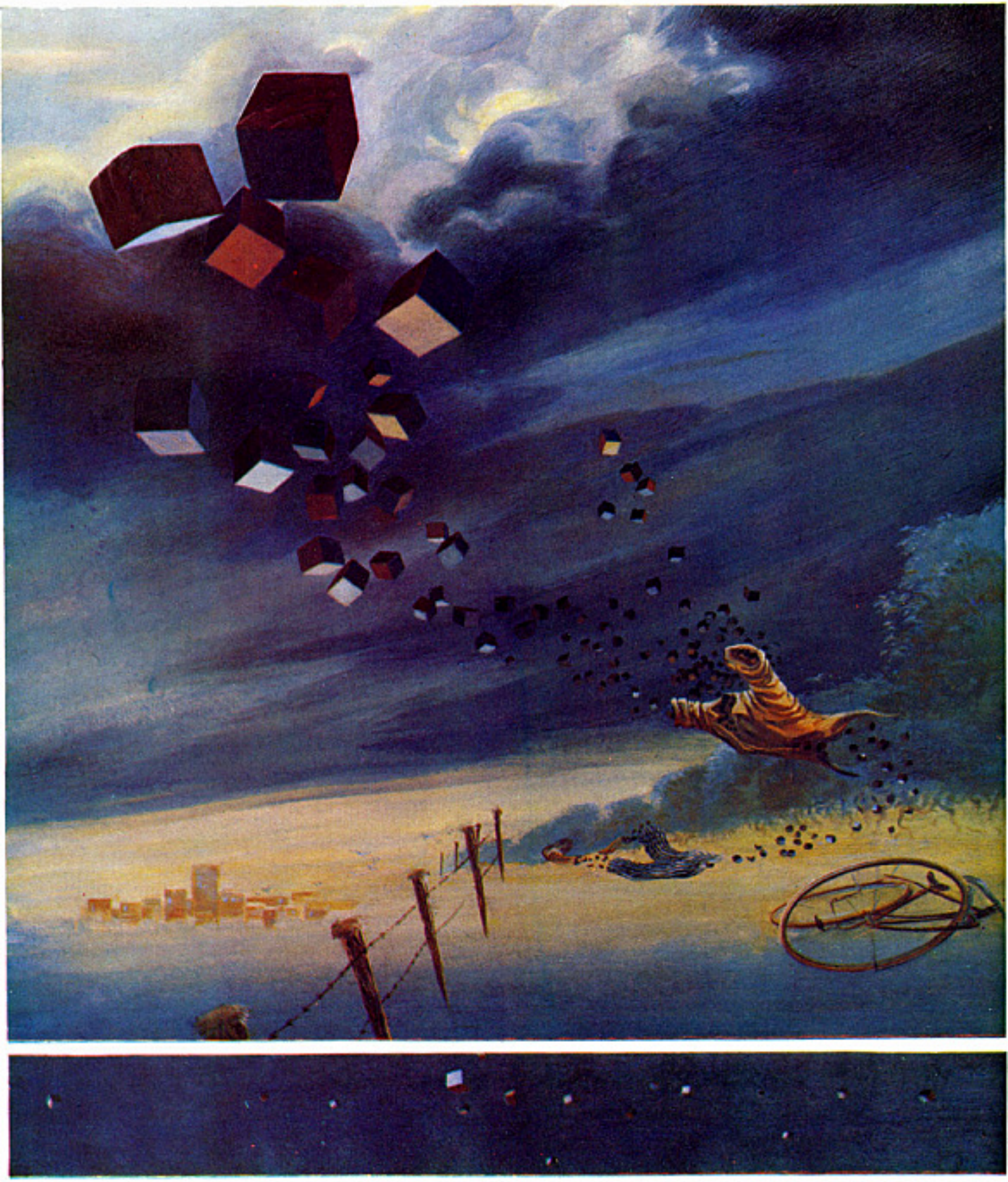
WAIT... I'M ON MY WAY...

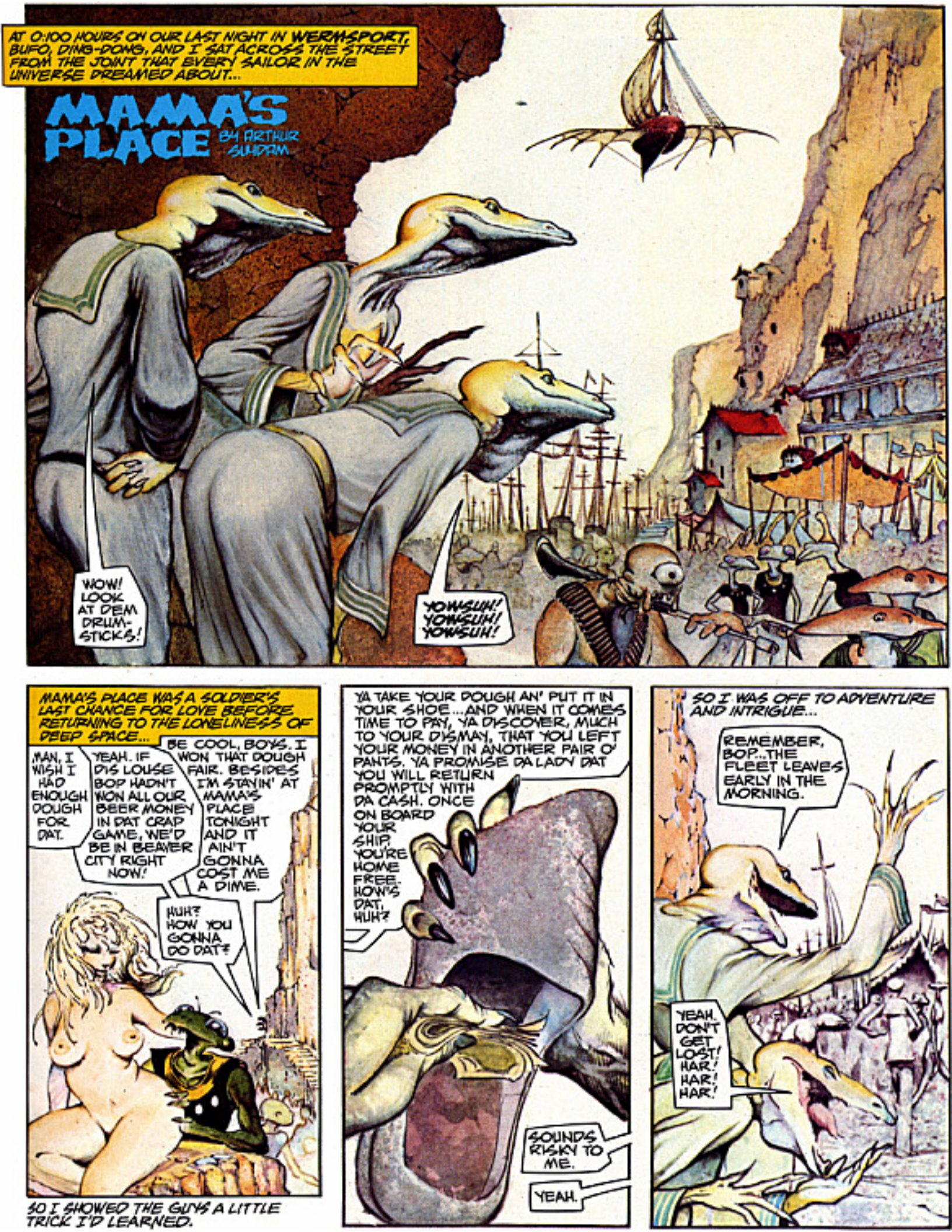


THAT KNOT... IT'S SO TEMPTING...
YES... BUT IF YOU TOUCH...
NO, I'VE GOT AHOLD OF MYSELF NOW...
OH, COME ON! YOU'RE ALWAYS GETTING YOURSELF INTO IMPOSSIBLE SITUATIONS...
YOU SEE... YOU'RE STARTING AGAIN...
YOU'VE ALWAYS GOT TO BE THE STRONG ONE... YOU'RE THE ONE WHO DOES EVERYTHING TO GET ME FEELING THIS WAY...

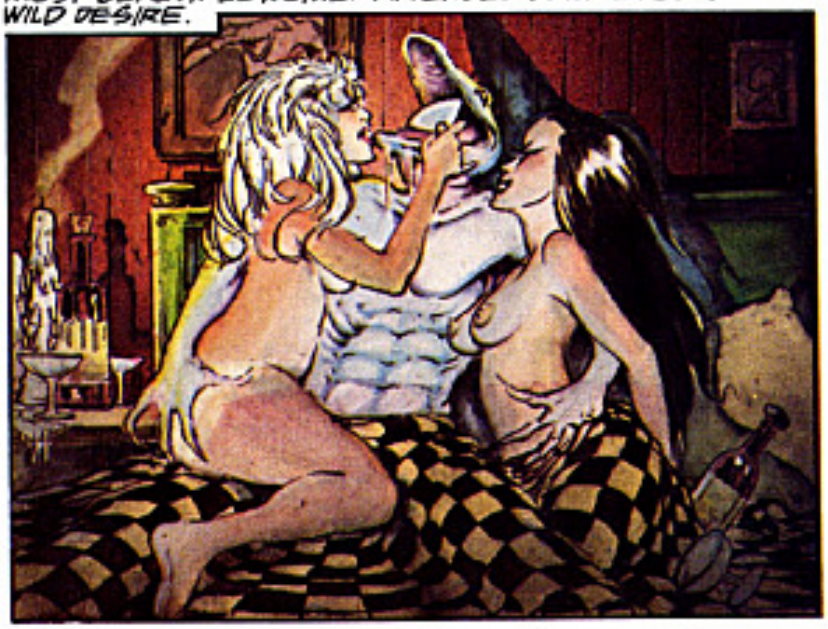

WELL, DON'T EXPECT ME TO HELP YOU THIS TIME...
WAIT... YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE LIKE THIS...
SIR, YOUR BEHAVIOR IS UPSETTING SOME OF OUR CUSTOMERS... THERE ARE ESTABLISHMENTS PROVIDED FOR THAT SORT OF THING...
F.I.N.E. A.L.L. R.I.G.H.T.

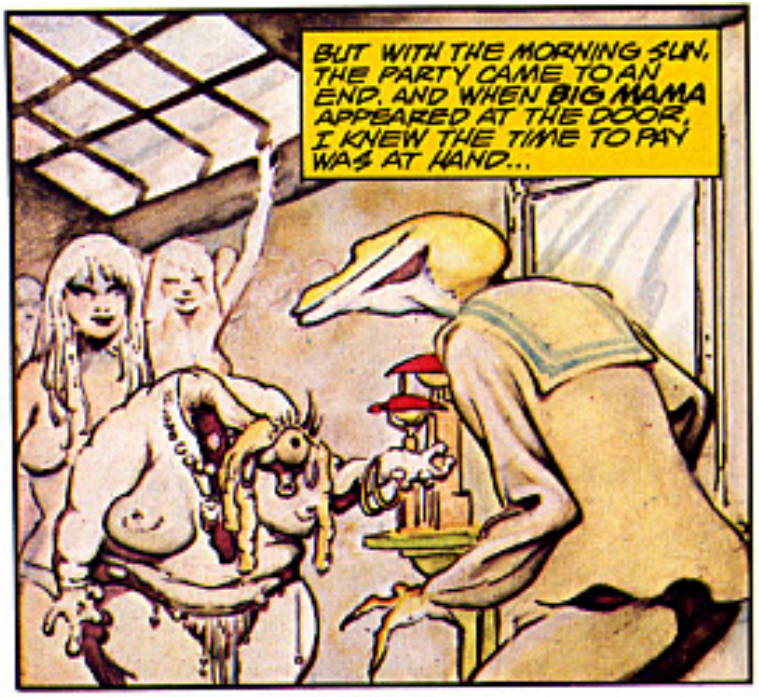

G.O.N.E.
W.I.T.H.
T.H.E.
W.I.N.D.



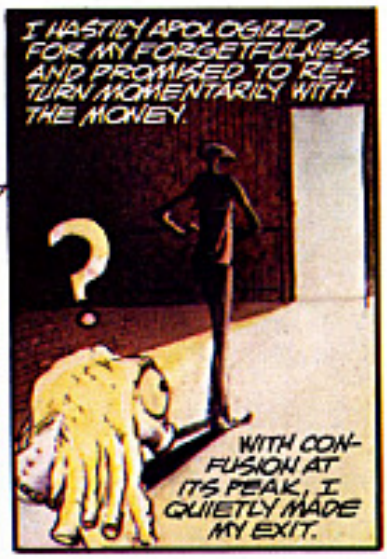

AT 0:100 HOURS ON OUR LAST NIGHT IN WERMSPORT, BUFO, DING-DONG, AND I SAT ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE JOINT THAT EVERY SAILOR IN THE UNIVERSE DREAMED ABOUT...
MAMA'S PLACE
BY ARTHUR SUYDAM
WOW! LOOK AT DEM DRUM-STICKS!
YOWSUH! YOWSUH! YOWSUH!
MAMA'S PLACE WAS A SOLDIER'S LAST CHANCE FOR LOVE BEFORE RETURNING TO THE LONELINESS OF DEEP SPACE...
MAN, I WISH I HAD ENOUGH DOUGH FOR DAT.
YEAH. IF DIS LOUSE BOP HADN'T WON ALL OUR BEER MONEY IN DAT CRAP GAME, WE'D BE IN BEAVER CITY RIGHT NOW!
BE COOL, BOYS. I WON THAT DOUGH FAIR. BESIDES I'M STAYIN' AT MAMA'S PLACE TONIGHT AND IT AIN'T GONNA COST ME A DIME.
HUH? HOW YOU GONNA DO DAT?
SO I SHOWED THE GUYS A LITTLE TRICK I'D LEARNED.
YA TAKE YOUR DOUGH AN' PUT IT IN YOUR SHOE...AND WHEN IT COMES TIME TO PAY, YA DISCOVER, MUCH TO YOUR DISMAY, THAT YOU LEFT YOUR MONEY IN ANOTHER PAIR O' PANTS. YA PROMISE DA LADY DAT YOU WILL RETURN PROMPTLY WITH DA CASH. ONCE ON BOARD YOUR SHIP, YOU'RE HOME FREE. HOW'S DAT, HUH?
SOUNDS RISKY TO ME.
YEAH.
SO I WAS OFF TO ADVENTURE AND INTRIGUE...
REMEMBER, BOP...THE FLEET LEAVES EARLY IN THE MORNING.
YEAH. DON'T GET LOST! HAR! HAR! HAR!

MAMA'S PLACE WAS EVERYTHING I'D IMAGINED—AND MORE. AN INEXHAUSTIBLE SUPPLY OF THE GALAXY'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN ATTENDED TO MY EVERY WILD DESIRE.

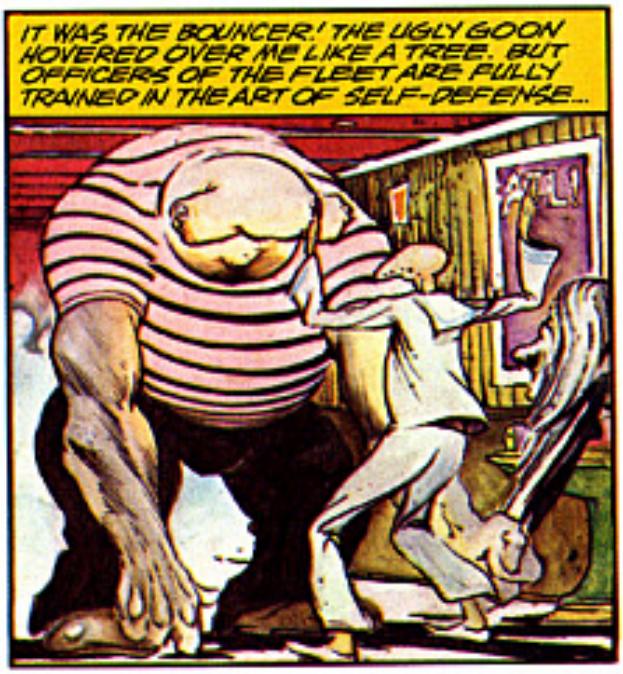




I REACHED INTO ONE OF MY POCKETS AND TURNED IT INSIDE OUT TO REVEAL ITS BARENESS.
WHEN I REACHED INTO MY OTHER POCKET AND FOUND THAT IT, TOO, WAS EMPTY, BIG MAMA NEARLY WENT INTO SHOCK.

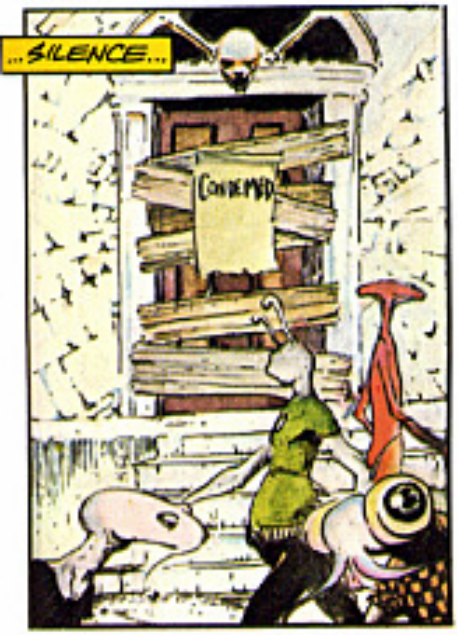

I HASTILY APOLOGIZED FOR MY FORGETFULNESS AND PROMISED TO RETURN MOMENTARILY WITH THE MONEY.
WITH CONFUSION AT ITS PEAK, I QUIETLY MADE MY EXIT.

I WAS ABOUT TO DEVASTATE HIM WITH MY AMAZING TECHNIQUE WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT...

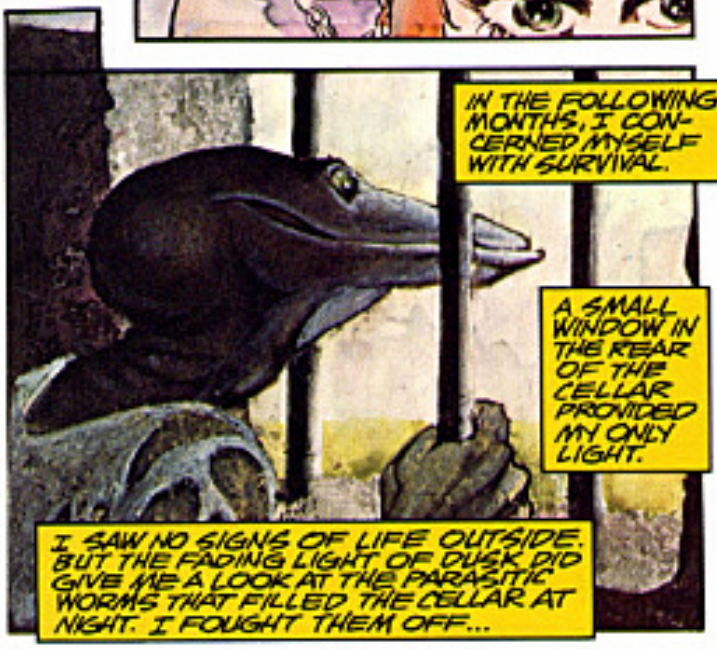

IT WAS THE BOUNCER! THE UGLY GOON HOVERED OVER ME LIKE A TREE. BUT OFFICERS OF THE FLEET ARE FULLY TRAINED IN THE ART OF SELF-DEFENSE...

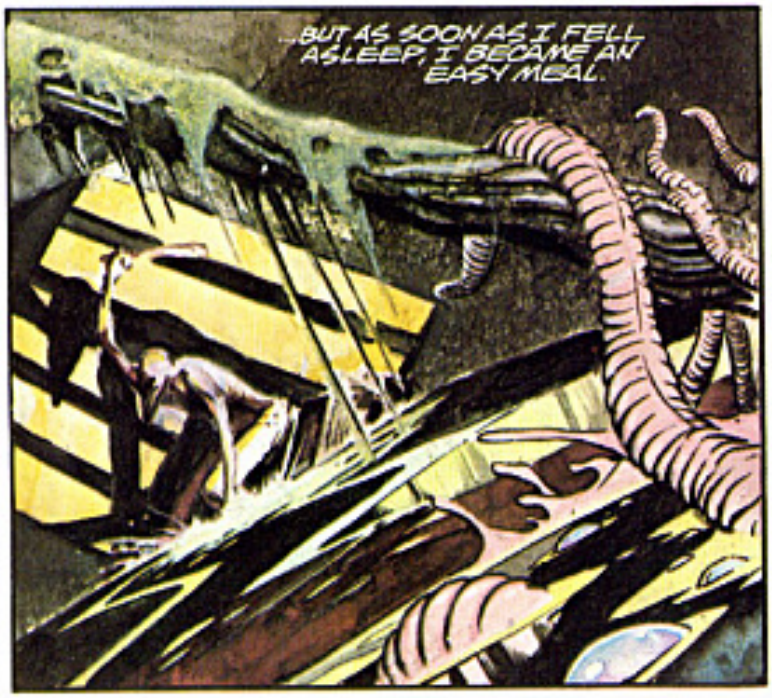
...OBVIOUSLY A SNEAK ATTACK FROM BEHIND!
IT WAS DAYS BEFORE I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, AWAKENED BY LOUD CRASHING NOISES FROM UPSTAIRS.

IT WAS A HORRIBLE BRAWL WITH GLASS AND FURNITURE SMASHING ABOUT. THEN, AFTER THE STORM, THERE CAME A TERRIBLE...

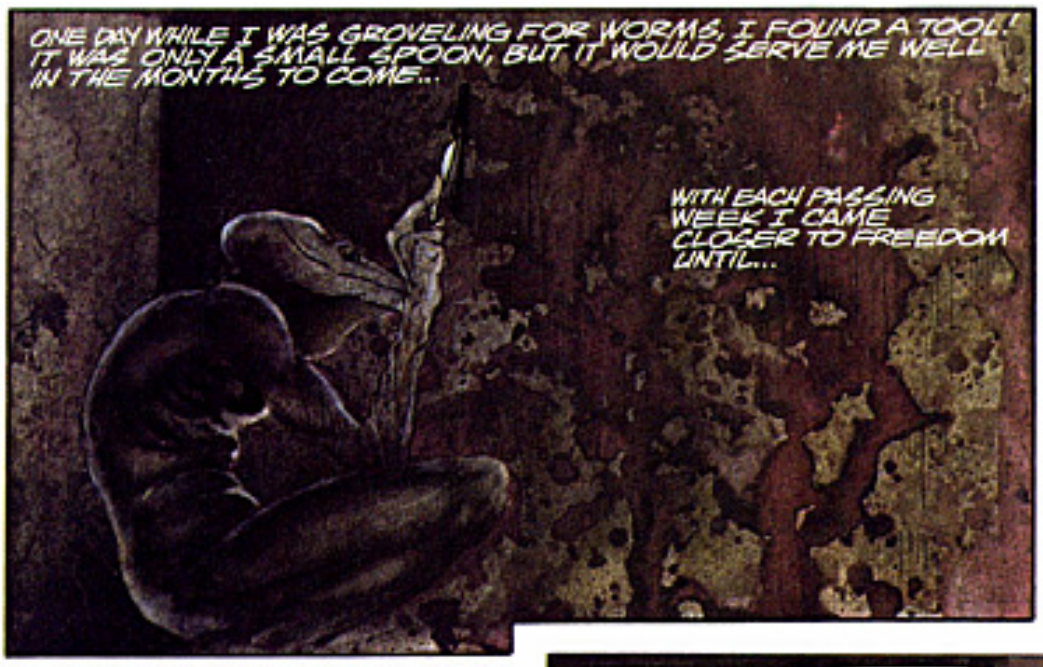

...SILENCE...
CONDEMNED

I POUNDED ON THE DOOR FOR HOURS. I SCREAMED FOR DAYS. THERE WAS NO REPLY.


IN THE FOLLOWING MONTHS, I CONCERNED MYSELF WITH SURVIVAL.
A SMALL WINDOW IN THE REAR OF THE CELLAR PROVIDED MY ONLY LIGHT.
I SAW NO SIGNS OF LIFE OUTSIDE. BUT THE FADING LIGHT OF DUSK DID GIVE ME A LOOK AT THE PARASITIC WORMS THAT FILLED THE CELLAR AT NIGHT. I FOUGHT THEM OFF...


...BUT AS SOON AS I FELL ASLEEP, I BECAME AN EASY MEAL.

BUT WHATEVER THE WORMS BORROWED FROM ME WAS PAID BACK WITH INTEREST WHEN THEY BECAME MY ONLY SOURCE OF FOOD...


ONE DAY WHILE I WAS GROVELING FOR WORMS, I FOUND A TOOL! IT WAS ONLY A SMALL SPOON, BUT IT WOULD SERVE ME WELL IN THE MONTHS TO COME...
WITH EACH PASSING WEEK I CAME CLOSER TO FREEDOM UNTIL...

THE TWISTED BACK ALLEYS OF WERMSPORT WERE LIKE A MAZE. WITH EACH NEW DEADEND I EXPLORED, I GREW MORE FEEBLE UNTIL, AT LAST, I COULD CRAWL NO MORE.

SUDDENLY I HEARD THE FAINT SOUND OF VOICES. IN THE DISTANCE, THERE WAS A BLINDING LIGHT AND I COULD MAKE OUT THREE FIGURES. I HAD MADE IT!

SAKKKKE HELP... MEEE...
HUH? WHAT DA HELL IS DAT?

AAAHH! IT'S A FUCKIN' QUEER!
WATCH OUT! HE'S REACHIN' FOR YOUR GOODIES!
NO... WAIT!... GAKK! IT'S M-ME...

BLAST HIM!
AAIIIEEE

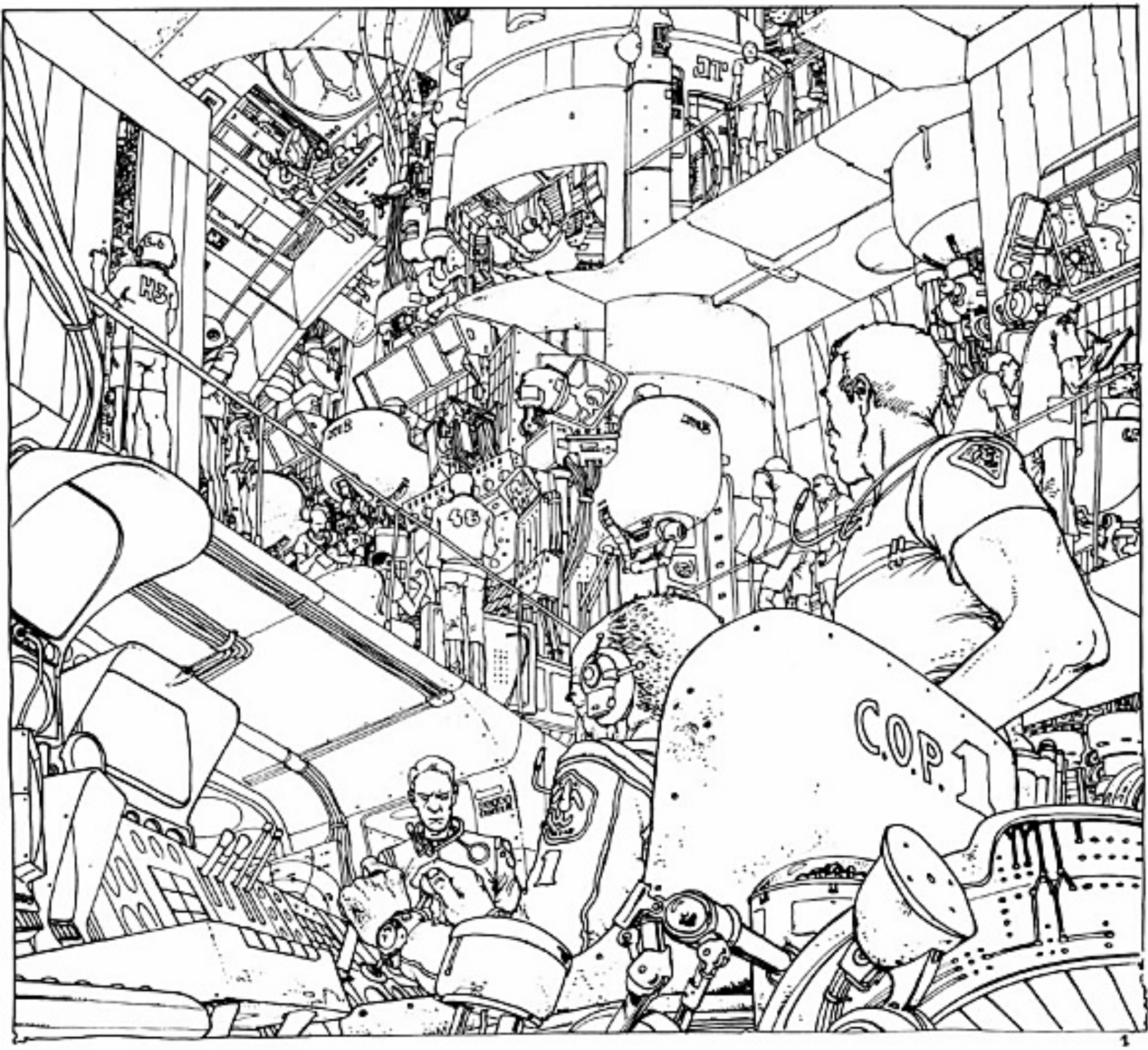
IMAGINE! THE NERVE OF DAT GUY!
SAY... AIN'T DAT WHERE MAMA'S PLACE USED TO BE?
YEAH AND DAT REMINDS ME...
...I WONDER WHAT BECAME OF OUR OLD PAL BOP?

AW, HE'S PROBABLY ON SOME TROPICAL PLANET SOMEWHERE...
...SURROUNDED BY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN!
END

SCRIPT...PHILIPPE DRUILLET

APPROACHING CENTAURI

ART...MOEBIUS



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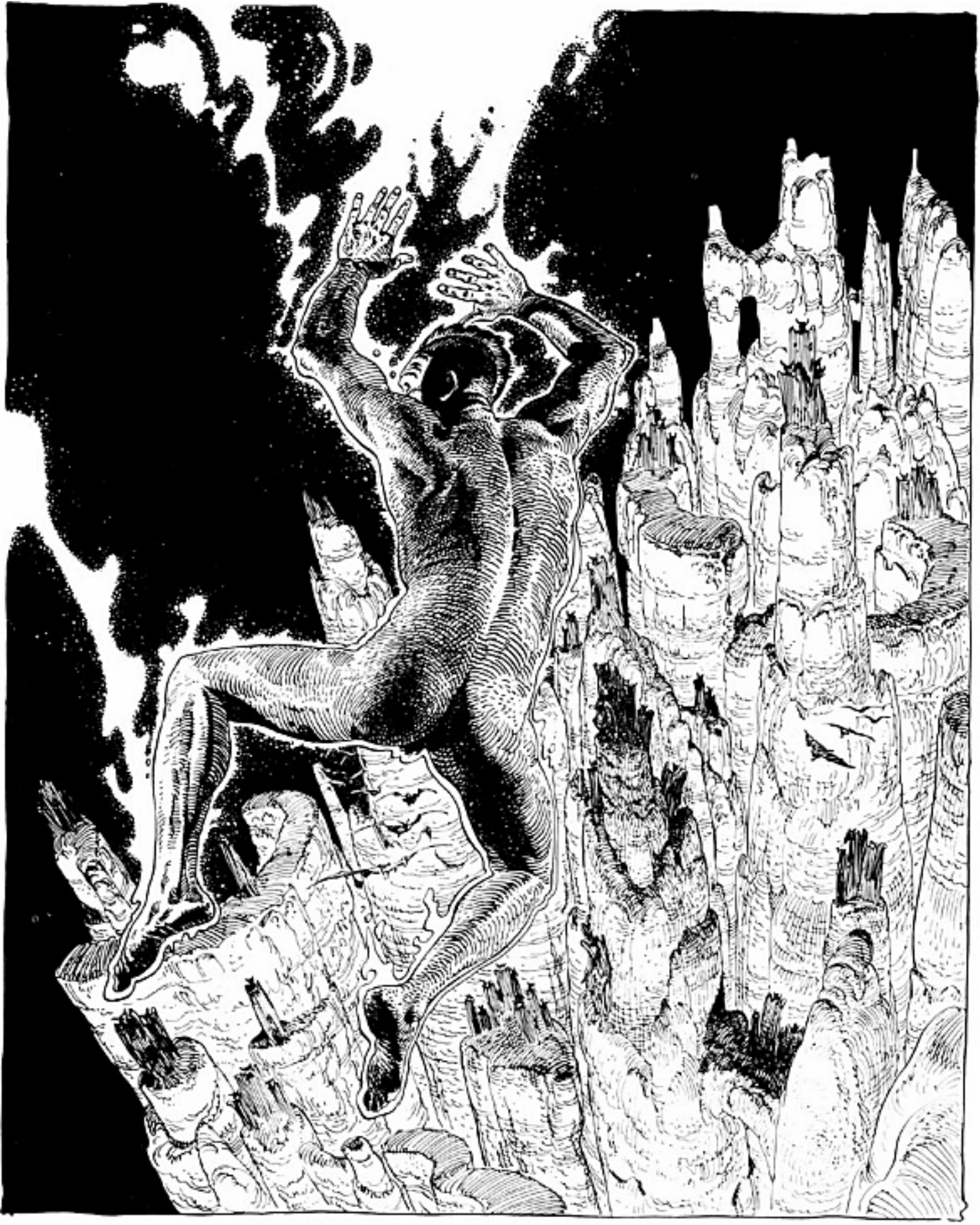
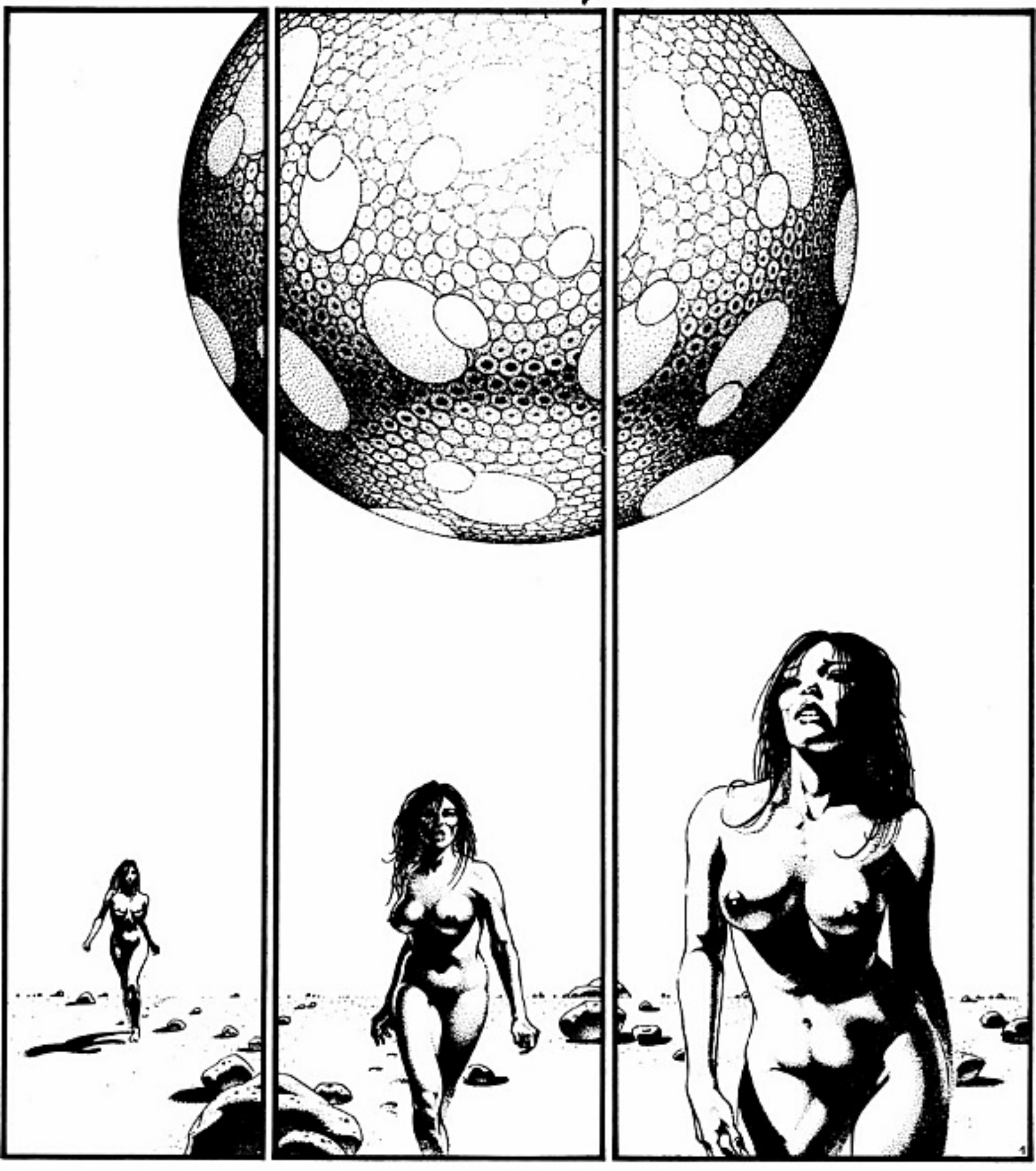
NOW HEAR THIS!... WE ARE NOW ENTERING HYPERSPACE
APPROACHING ON AX10020 PHASE:
ENTERING WARP OVERDRIVE
APPROACHING ON BX10030 PHASE:
AUTOMATIC CONTROLS!...
"AUTO CONTROL:"
NOW HEAR THIS!
ZETA ZERO ZAP
V
Ripper



HE'S COMING OUT OF IT!
THE GENERATOR OVERLOADED, SIR...YOU WERE THROWN OUTSIDE THE T/S CONTINUUM / IT'S EXTREMELY UNUSUAL AND...
HOW DO YOU FEEL?
DID YOU SEE ANYTHING OUT THERE?
IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW... THE INTERCOM, FAST! GET BACK ON EXIT MANEUVER AT PHASE
I SAW NOTHING... NOTHING ...SAW NOTHING... NOTHING...
NOW HEAR THIS! WE ARE ENTERING HYPER-SPACE....
APPROACHING ON AK 10020
ZETA ZERO ZAP...
FIN

VIRGO



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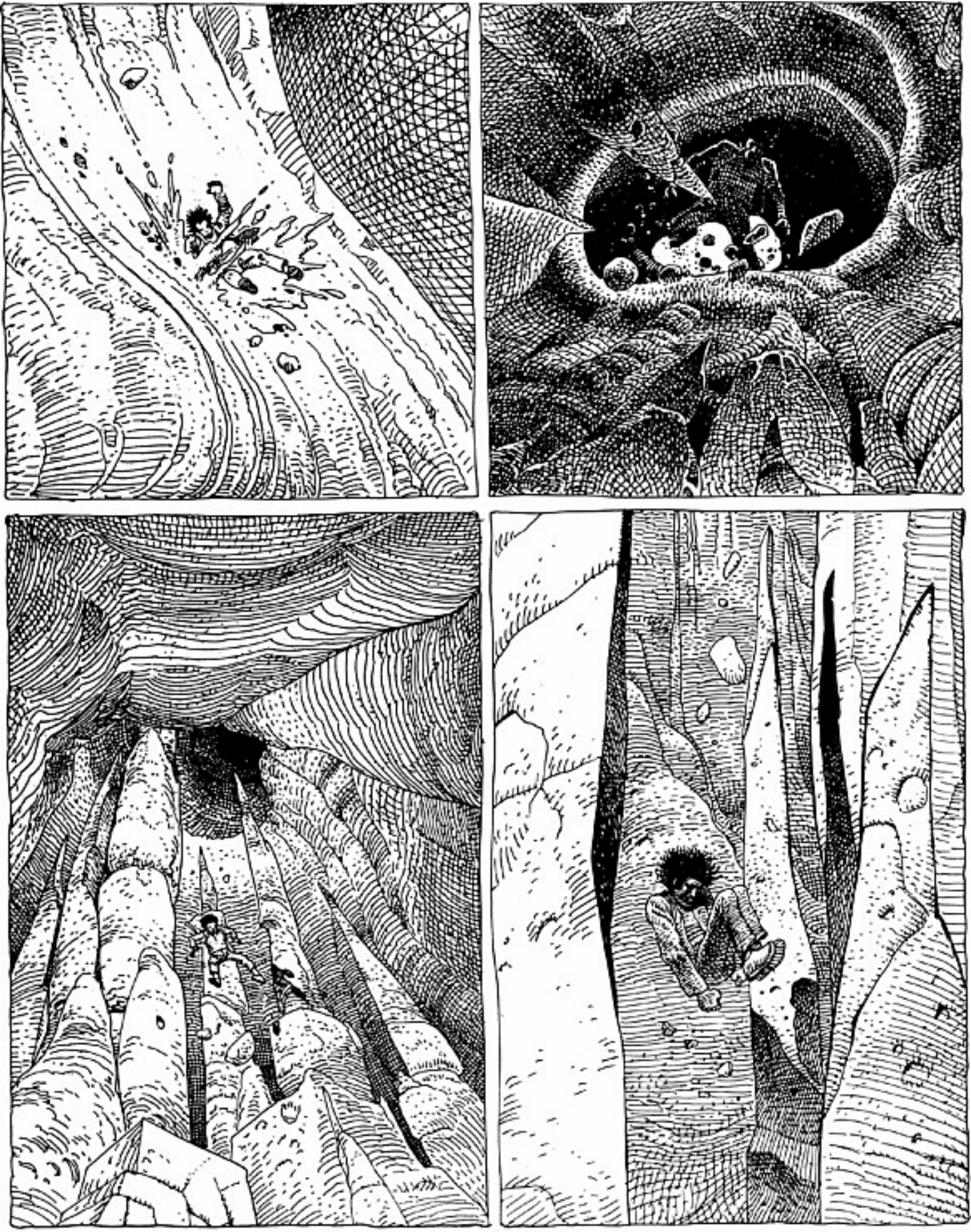
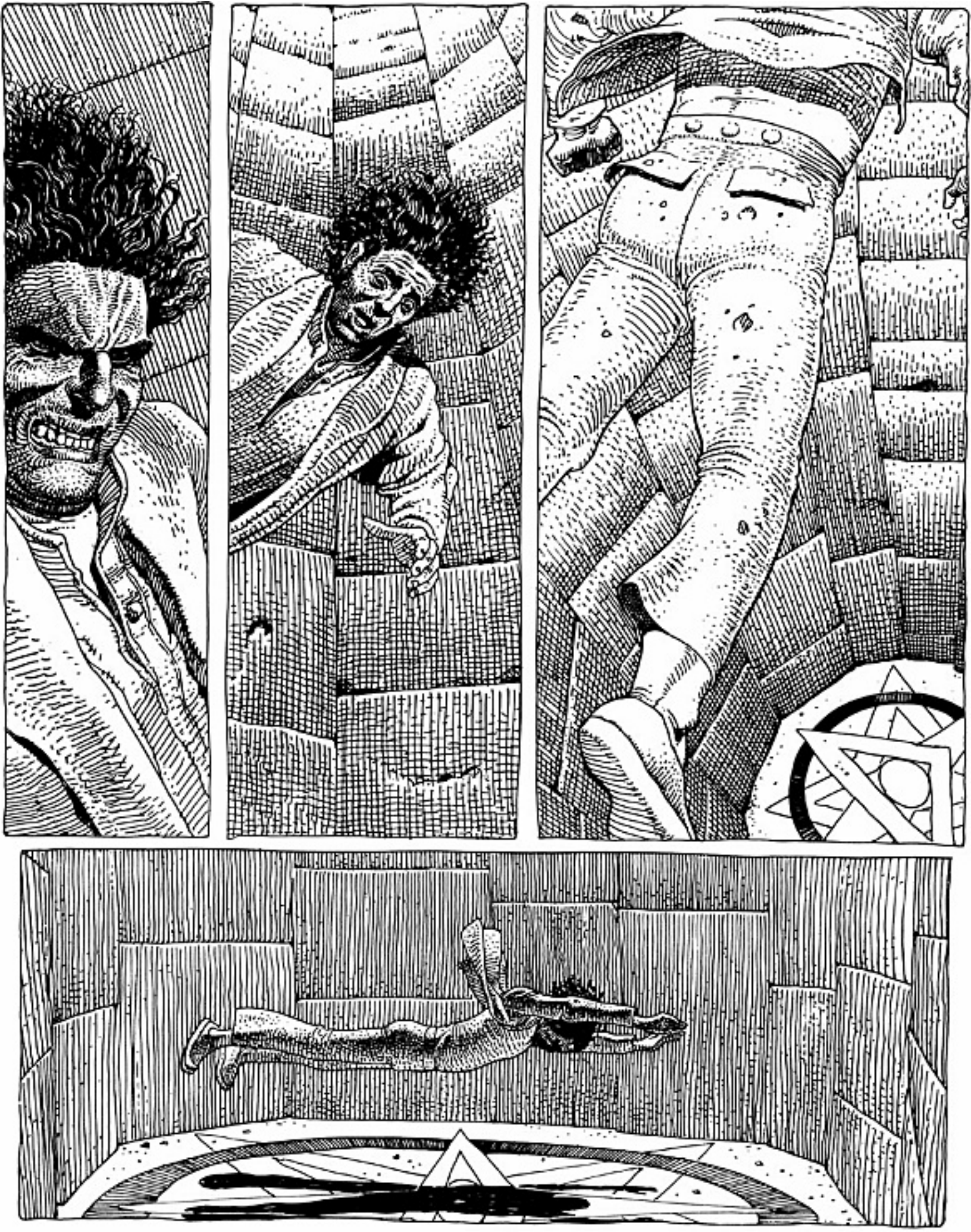
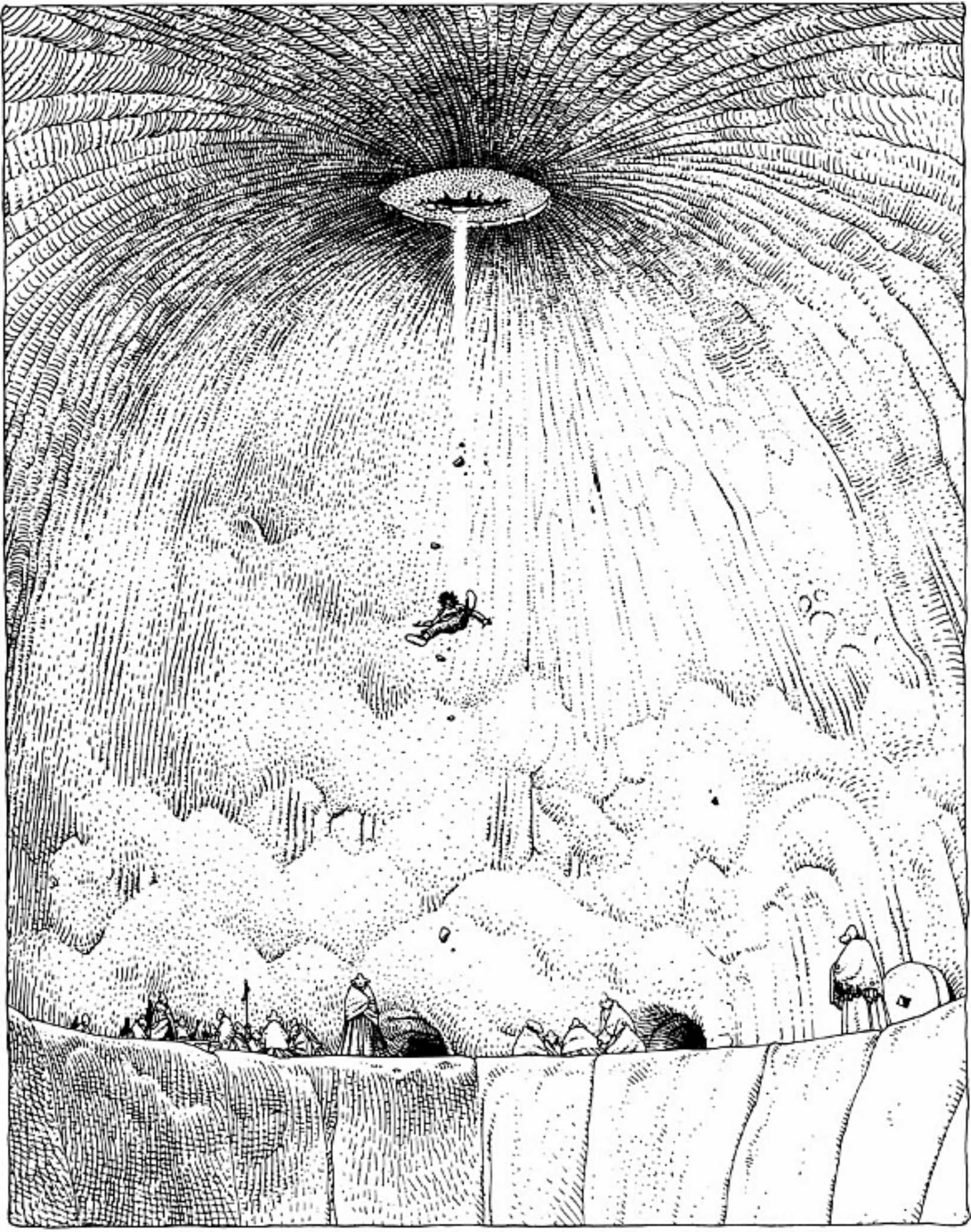
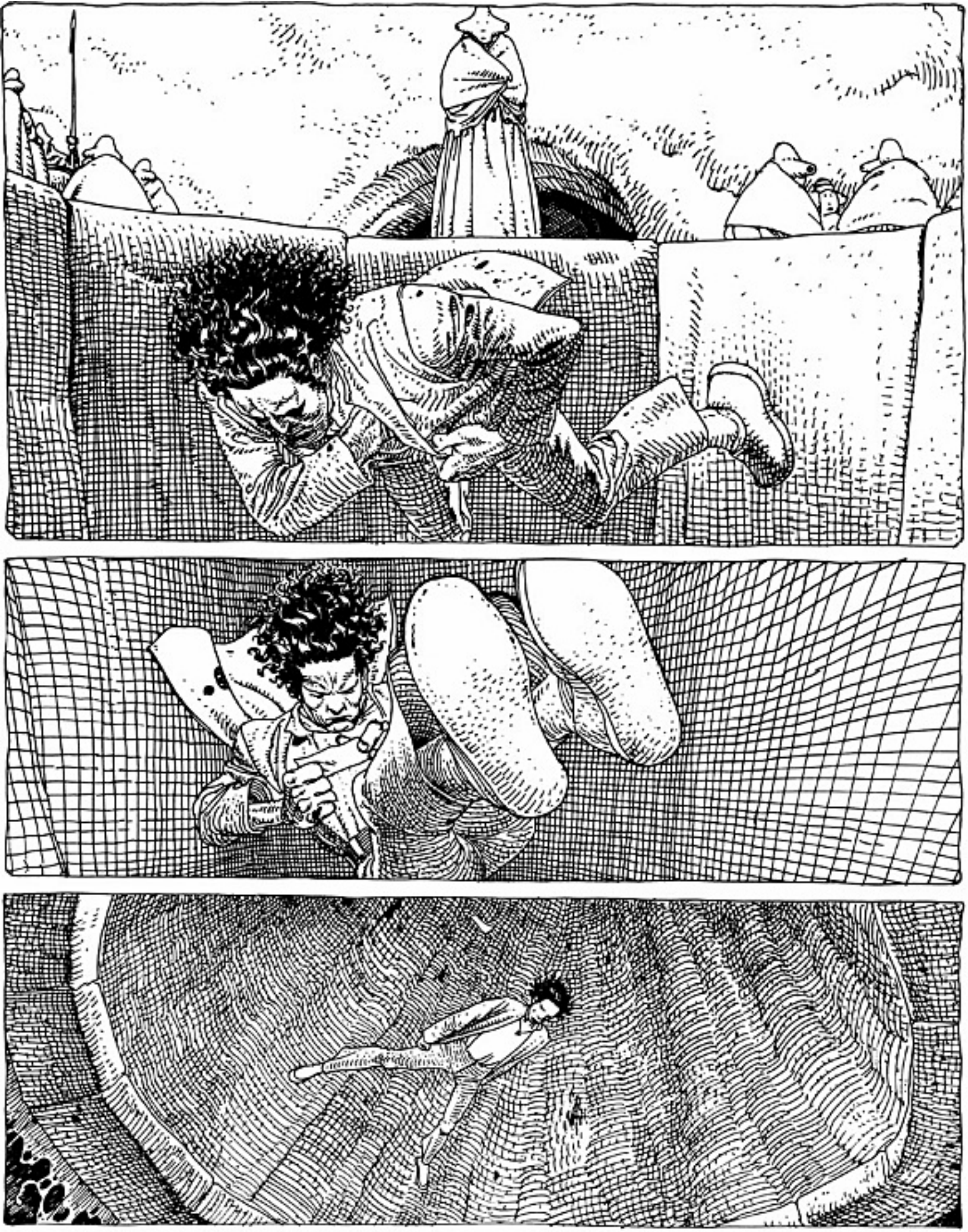
FREE · FALL

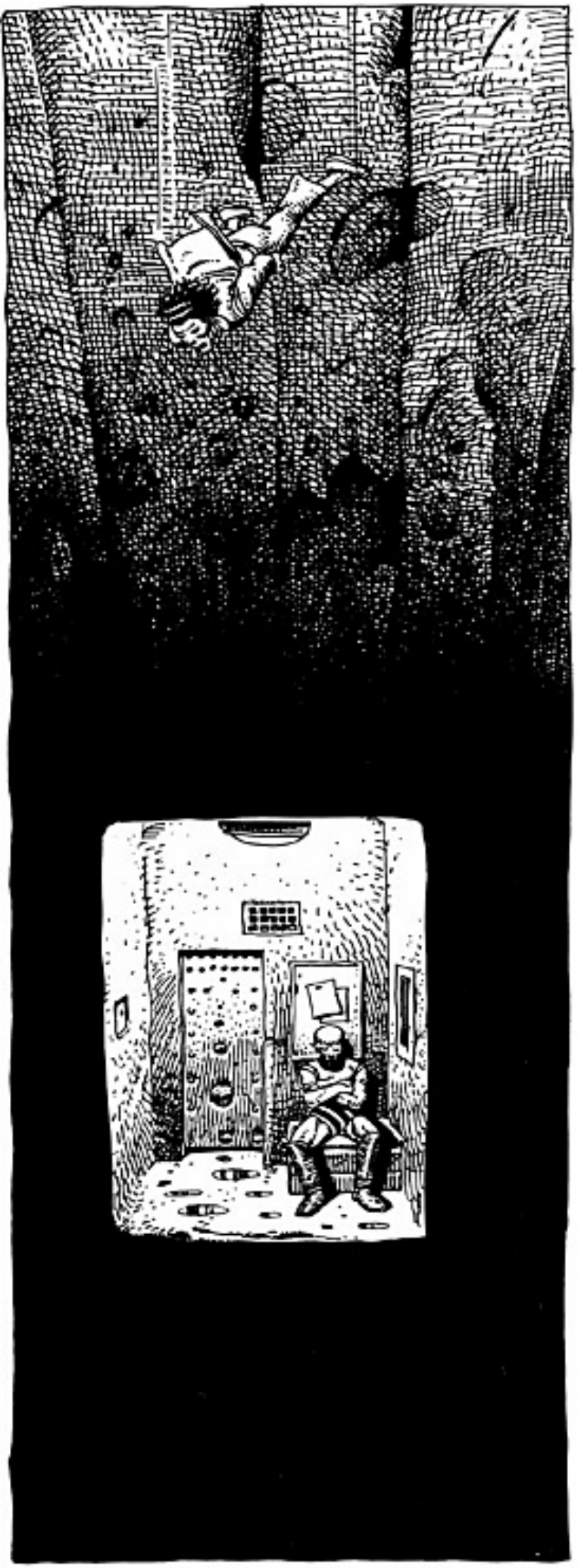
BY MOEBIUS

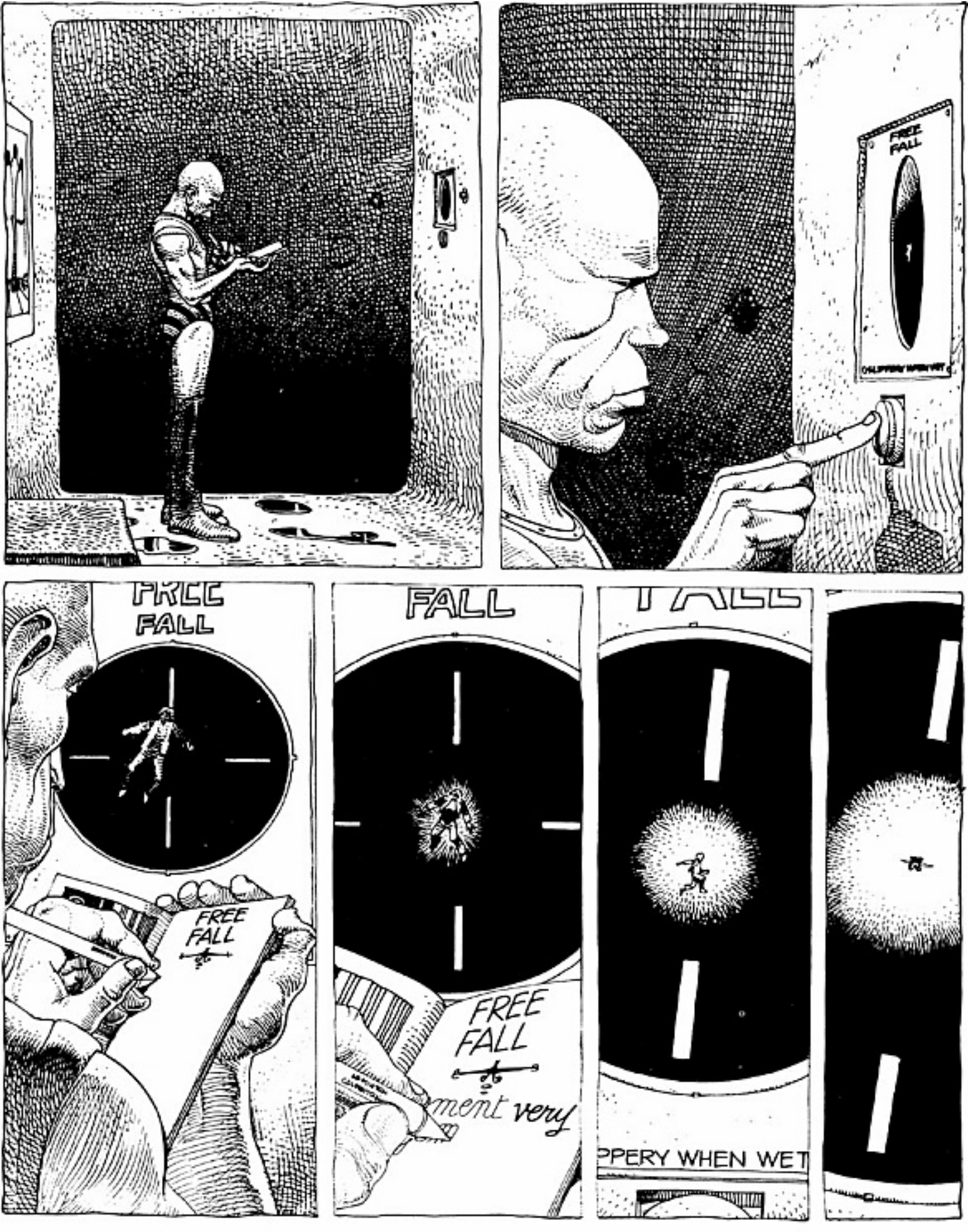








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END

PLANET OF TERROR

NORMALLY, I NEVER TAKE THE ELEVATOR, BUT ON THIS PARTICULAR DAY, I DON'T KNOW WHY (SOME FATAL ABSENT MINDEDNESS.) I ENTERED THE ODD LITTLE BOX. WHAT AN INCREDIBLE DISCOVERY! THERE I WAS PRESENTED WITH A SHIMMERING TECHNOLOGY! SHINING METAL EVERYWHERE! AND BUTTONS! LOTS OF BUTTONS!...

I WAS ABOUT TO PRESS THE BUTTON FOR MY FLOOR, THE SEVENTH, WHEN MY GLANCE (CHANCE OR PREDESTINATION?) FELL ON ANOTHER BUTTON. ALONE. APART. WITHOUT ANY NUMBER...

TEMPTATION! THE UNLIKELY, WHICH LIES IN WAIT FOR US AT EACH CORNER OF THE COMPOUNDINIUM, OPENED ITS DOORS TO ME ONCE AGAIN. DELIGHTFULLY MOVED BY THE BRAVERY OF MY GESTURE, I PRESSED IT! I WASN'T WRONG...

IT WAS CLEAR THAT THE EXTRATERRESTRIALS, WITH THEIR MYSTERIOUS DESIGNS, HAD TREACHEROUSLY INSTALLED SOME KIND OF SPATIO-TEMPORAL TRANSMITTER IN THE ELEVATOR OF MY COMPOUNDINIUM...

HAVING BARELY REALIZED THAT, I FIND MYSELF HERE, A PREY TO SOME NAUSEATING MADNESS.

SOMETHING IN THE ATMOSPHERE (SMELL? VIBRATION? COLOR?) TOLD ME-SCREAMED AT ME-THAT I WAS NOT AT HOME!...

...SOMETHING TOO SUBTLE TO BE CLEARLY EXPLAINED... WHICH MADE THE BLOOD RUN COLD!

THEN, COMING FROM EVERYWHERE AND NOWHERE, A VOICE CRIED OUT, AS POWERFUL AND CALM AS THAT OF A GOD!

HENCEFORTH, YOU ARE RESIDENT NO. 74.448 IN THE GALACTIC ZOO OF GRIGNY-2, THE CURSED, SECOND PLANET OF ALPHA CENTAURI... AND GNIAQUGNIA-QU!

WHAT KIND OF A TRICK IS THIS?

I SOON HAD TO ADMIT THAT I WAS-THAT I AM!-A PRISONER OF THE GALACTIC ZOO OF GRIGNY-2, THE CURSED SECOND PLANET OF ALPHA CENTAURI (OR ALPHA CENTAURI, AS IT'S CALLED).

AND YES, HENCE-FORTH I LIVE HERE...

HHHHH

HERE!

IT'S HARD! I'M VERY HOMESICK... I WOULD LOVE TO SEE MY NEIGHBORHOOD AGAIN, I WOULD LOVE TO GO HOME... EVERYTHING IS SO DIFFERENT HERE: COLD. HARD. GRAY. ARTIFICIAL. AN INHUMAN GEOMETRY-THE OFFSPRING OF THE FILTHY COUPLING OF A MAD ARCHITECT AND A DEMENTED PROMOTER-DOMINATES THIS UNUSUAL PLACE...

I HATE IT!

...IT'S THE SAME INSIDE. "THEY" HAVE DONE THINGS TO MAKE IT PRETTY, BUT, IT'S ALL SO ARTIFICIAL. JUST A SET! I REALLY THINK THAT ALL THE "THINGS" AND ALL THE "FURNITURE" ARE REINFORCED CONCRETE! LIKE IN A ZOO! IMAGINE!

IN FACT, THIS MUST BE A SORT OF EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY. "THEY" MAKE ME TAKE TESTS. IN THE MORNING, FOR EXAMPLE, I FIND SOME "THINGS" IN MY CAGE, NAMELESS THINGS...WITH SOME RESEMBLANCES TO KNOWN AND NORMAL THINGS...BUT...BUT THESE KIND OF FORKED TAILS WHICH ARE LYING AROUND HERE...WHAT ARE THEY FOR?

THIS STUFF REALLY IS EXTRATERRESTRIAL TRASH!...

...WHAT'S MORE... THESE CLOTHES ARE...

...THESE CLOTHES ARE MARTIAN!

EVEN SO, THERE WAS ONE TEST I PASSED:

TAP!

I KNOW WHAT THIS IS FOR...

...BUT I DON'T LIKE PLAYING THIS GAME MUCH: THE NEIGHBORS ABOVE BECOME ENRAGED AND SPRAY ME WITH THE HUMIDOPODE. MY BLOOD CURDLES AT THE IDEA OF THE FILTHY ABOMINATIONS WITH WHOM I SHARE THIS PLACE...

AFTER THE TESTS, I HAVE AN HOUR FOR MY "LUNCH": THERE'S A LITTLE CORNER KITCHEN IN MY CAGE WITH AN H_2O FAUCET (APART FROM A SLIGHT SYNTHETIC TASTE, IT'S ALMOST LIKE WATER)...AND BOXES. THE SUPPLY OF BOXES IS CONSTANTLY RENEWED (HOW? WHEN? BY WHOM?) THERE ARE DIFFERENT POWDERS IN THE BOXES WHICH ARE SOLUBLE IN H_2O. IT MAKES A TWO TOGETHER, FOR EXAMPLE, YOU GET A KIND OF PASTE WHICH YOU HAD BETTER TREAT LIKE FOOD...THE PROOF: I EAT IT!

YOU KNOW, THIS IS JUST MORE CONCRETE!

THERE'S ALSO A BLACK POWDER: DILUTED IN HOT H_2O. BY MIXING SLIMY LIQUID WHICH IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO BE FUNNY, I CALL COFFEE.

IN THE AFTERNOON, THERE ARE MORE EXERCISES - THESE ONES ARE MORE INTELLECTUAL. THEY MUST BE COMMUNICATION TESTS. I DON'T KNOW IF I ALWAYS PASS THEM, BUT I DO MY BEST...IT PASSES THE TIME...THERE'S A SUPPLY OF "PAPER," "CRAYONS," AND "PENS." WITH WORDS AND IMAGES, I TRY TO SAY SOMETHING ABOUT MYSELF...ABOUT MY DREAMS...AND ABOUT THIS NIGHTMARE WORLD WHERE I AM CONDEMNED TO "LIVE"...

THEN, AS IF THROWING BOTTLES INTO THE SEA, I CAST MY LITTLE CARDS OUT THE WINDOW, TRUSTING THEM TO SPACIAL AIR CURRENTS, TO THE SOLAR WINDS, TO THE COSMIC SLIPSTREAM ...HOPING THAT SOMEONE SOMEWHERE WILL FIND THEM, READ THEM, AND DO SOMETHING...

AND THEN NIGHT ARRIVES. THE DISMAL LIGHT OUTDOORS DISAPPEARS, THE LIGHT WITHIN TURNS ON--ALSO DISMAL. THEN A STRANGE ELECTRONIC MACHINE TURNS ITSELF ON.

FROZEN WITH HORROR, I SEE APPEARING ON THE "SCREEN" VISIONS OF ANOTHER WORLD: INSANE ANATOMIES, UNNAMEABLE LIMBS, LOPSIDED SHAPES: THE MASTERS! MY TORMENTORS!... AND THEIR DISGUSTING VOICES HOLLOWLY BABBLE VILE INCANTATIONS...

I'D LOVE--OH! HOW I'D LOVE TO BE ABLE TO GET UP, TURN OFF THE MACHINE, EVEN TO TURN MY EYES ASIDE, BUT SOME FORCE HOLDS ME DRAWN TO IT. ITS MYSTERIOUS RAYS GLUE ME TO MY CONCRETE SEAT. LITTLE BY LITTLE, I THINK I'M TURNING TO CONCRETE, TOO....

AND WHAT'S MORE, I KNOW THE MACHINE FUNCTIONS AT TWO LEVELS: I KNOW THESE "FACES" THAT I SEE ARE WATCHING ME AT THE SAME TIME... THEY'RE SPYING ON ME...
WITH SUCH COLDNESS. SO I KNOW THAT I AM NOTHING MORE THAN SOMETHING TO EXPERIMENT ON, A LAB RAT... WHAT ABOUT VIVISECTION?

THEN EVERYTHING GOES OUT. LOST IN THE DARKNESS, I CAN ONLY GO TO SLEEP. SOMETIMES--CURIOUS, REBELLIONS--I TRIED TO RESIST SLEEP. I COULD NEVER MANAGE IT FOR MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES, IN SPITE OF WILLFULLY DRINKING MANY CUPS OF THE DISSOLVED BLACK POWDER... COULD THE H_2O BE DRUGGED?

STILL, I'D LOVE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS AT NIGHT. 'CAUSE I KNOW THAT THERE IS SOMETHING THAT WALKS IN THE NIGHT, BRINGING THE THINGS FOR MY TESTS, THE PAPER AND THE GRUB... AND IF, ONE DAY... YES, ONE DAY, I KNOW IT... I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CONFRONT THIS NAMELESS BEING... WHEN I THINK ABOUT IT, IT'S PURE TERROR.

AND SURE ENOUGH, THAT DAY, THAT DREADED DAY ARRIVED!... THE ULTIMATE TEST...FACE TO FACE WITH THE UNSPEAKABLE...THE ENCOUNTER WITH THE OTHER...WILL I BE STRONG ENOUGH TO DESCRIBE THESE MOMENTS OF TERROR?

ONE MORNING...THERE IT WAS! SOMETHING FROM ANOTHER WORLD! IN MY CAGE! WITH ME! MONSTROUS... INCOMPREHENSIBLE...TERRIBLE AND FASCINATING...

THE FIRST THING THAT STRUCK ME WAS THAT IT SEEMED ODIOUSLY HUMANOID. ALMOST HUMAN... ALMOST, AS...

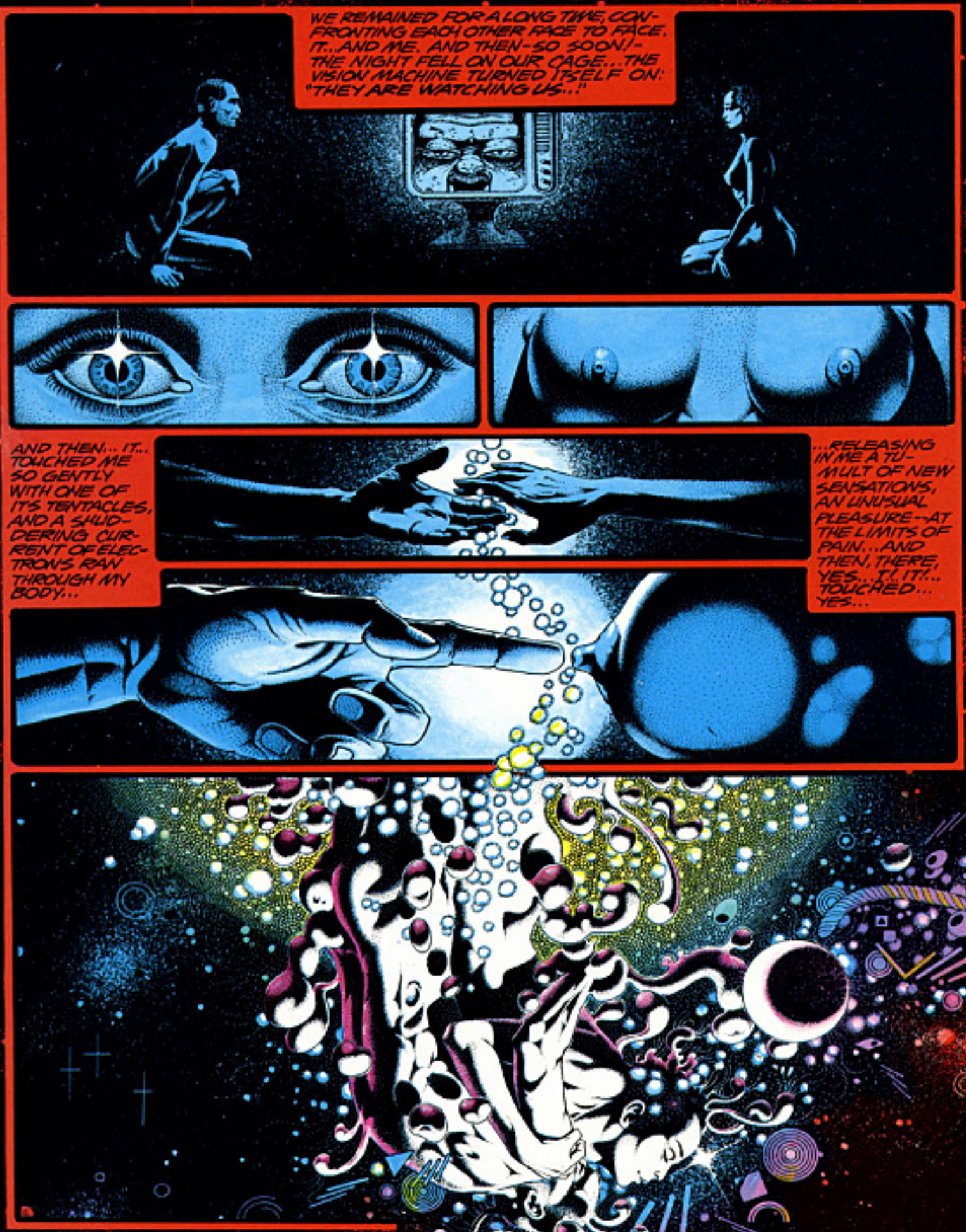
AS, THE SUPERFICIAL RESEMBLANCES ASIDE, THE DIFFERENCES - THE ABOMINABLE DIFFERENCES - HIT ME...

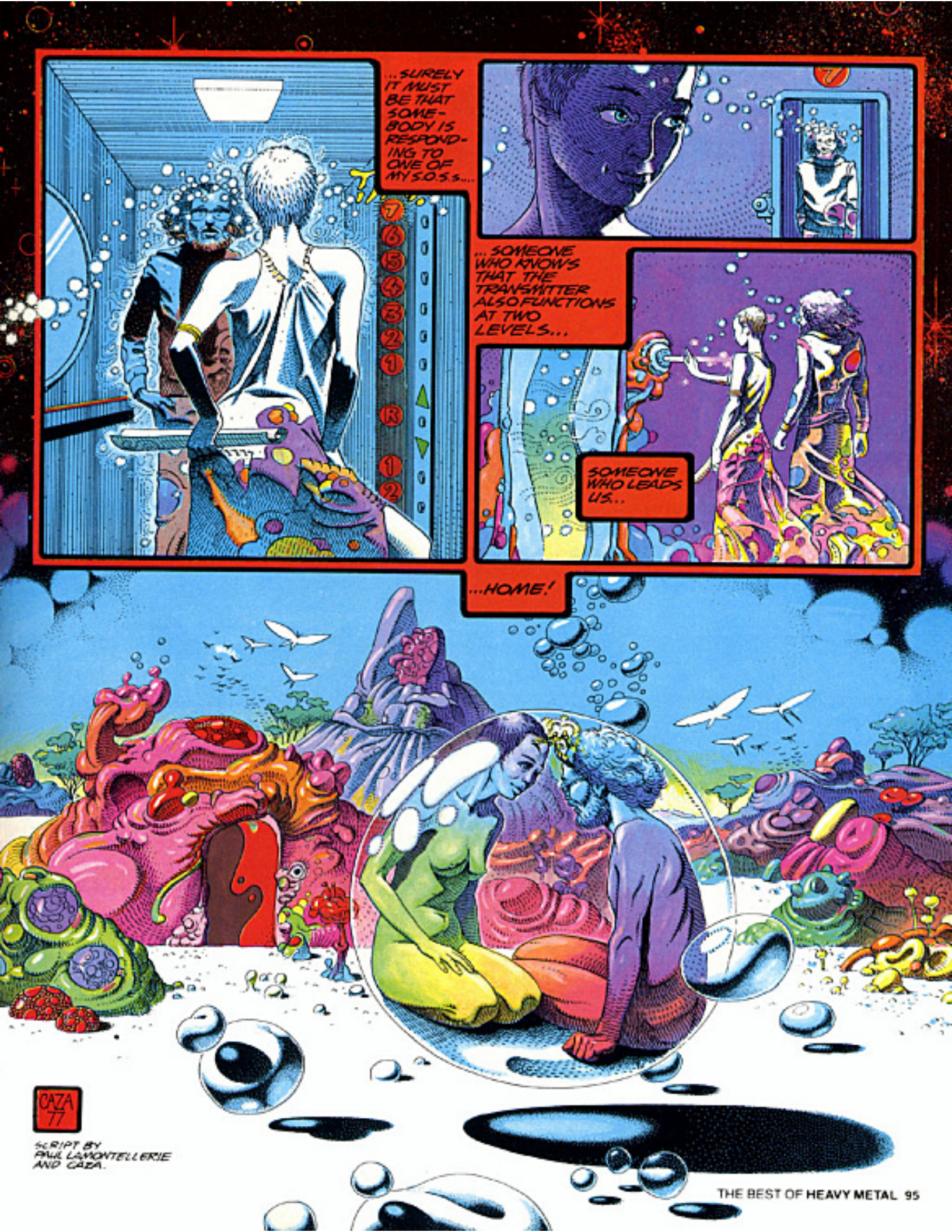
FIRST OF ALL, ITS VISUAL ORGANS (YES, IT HAD TWO!) REVEALING THE MYSTERIES OF THE COSMOS IN THEIR DEPTHS...

AND THEN ITS TOO SENSUAL MASTICATORY ORGAN...ITS SKIN TOO SMOOTH AND TOO WHITE...

ITS LIMBS (OR SHOULD I SAY "ITS PSEUDOPODS"?) TOO SUPPLE...AND PEDUNCLES STICKING OUT FROM ITS THORAX...AND BENEATH ITS STOMACH - OH, UNBEARABLE VISION! -

THERE WAS NOTHING THERE!...NOTHING BUT A MYSTERIOUS FLEECE, CONCEALING SOME DARK SECRET...WHAT?...WHAT ORGANIC CHASM?...


WE REMAINED FOR A LONG TIME, CONFRONTING EACH OTHER FACE TO FACE. IT...AND ME. AND THEN-SO SOON!- THE NIGHT FELL ON OUR CAGE...THE VISION MACHINE TURNED ITSELF ON: "THEY ARE WATCHING US..!"
AND THEN... IT... TOUCHED ME SO GENTLY WITH ONE OF ITS TENTACLES, AND A SHUDDERING CURRENT OF ELECTRONS RAN THROUGH MY BODY...
...RELEASING IN ME A TUMULT OF NEW SENSATIONS, AN UNUSUAL PLEASURE--AT THE LIMITS OF PAIN...AND THEN, THERE, YES...I..IT!... TOUCHED... YES...


...SURELY IT MUST BE THAT SOMEBODY IS RESPONDING TO ONE OF MY S.O.S.s...
7 6 5 4 3 2 1 R 1 2
...SOMEONE WHO KNOWS THAT THE TRANSMITTER ALSO FUNCTIONS AT TWO LEVELS...
SOMEONE WHO LEADS US...
...HOME!
CAZA 77
SCRIPT BY PAUL LAMONTELLERIE AND CAZA.

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